# I SAYS, SAYS I.

*A NOVEL.*

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BY

THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# I SAYS, SAYS I.

"O MY Maria!" says I to myself as I slowly returned into the hotel—the expression was followed by a sigh. A body of hussars, nay even a regiment of British horse, with their long whiskers and mustachios to boot; and, by the way, these new-fangled weapons must produce a wonderful effect in annoying

an enemy, for even a friend can scarcely contemplate them without feeling certain emotions of horror and antipathy;—I say even such a body as this could not have more rapidly and effectually cleared a field of battle of a straggling body of infantry, than this idea did my mind of every other idea. It was absolutely done by a *coup de main.* The French lady, with all her attractions and forwardness, was to me as if she had never been. Maria, and Maria only, was to be seen in the plane of my thoughts; like a triumphant Amazon, in accomplishments, she seemed to look down on the scattered legions of reflections which fleeted before her power: and in the zenith of upright superiority and conscious exultation, she appeared to exclaim—"Here am I queen! here will I reign supreme mistress!"—"And supreme mistress thou shalt remain," says I to myself, "while

I have ability to controul my thoughts or govern my inclinations."

By this time I had reached my apartment: I must have been guided by some instinctive power; for I had never given myself the trouble to think, for a moment, of what I was doing, or whither I was going; and it is probable I might, for some time, have remained unconscious that I had reached the end of my walk, had not Ephraim interrupted my meditations by exclaiming—"The wicked one hath left thee."—"What wicked one," says I, starting from my reverie. "Satan himself," says he, "doth oftentimes assume the appearance of an angel of light; and that wanton woman who played with thee might have been no other than——" "A Frenchwoman," says I, interrupting him. "A French what!" replied Ephraim. "What

ever you please," I returned—" I know nothing more of her than you do." " I am delighted to hear thee say so," answered Ephraim, for I had fears for thee, yea, very great alarms." I was about to reply, when the folded paper she had put into my hands first occurred to my recollection—" But I shall know something more of her," says I opening it—" Restrain thy unholy passions, friend," responded Ephraim. It was evident that Ephraim was thinking of one thing, and I of another.

A card dropped out of the envelope; my notice was attracted by the writing on the letter: I did not observe the fall of the card. Although a quaker, Ephraim had a full share of curiosity: he took it up. " I suppose," says he, " this betrayeth the name of the——" " What!" says I; and at that moment made a move-

ment as if to snatch the card from him, in attempting which the envelope fell to the ground. Fortunately, however, I recollected myself in time. Ephraim coolly handed it over to me; "It is thine," says he. I took it, and read the "Countess de N——." "Good God!" says I, "was she a countess?"—"If the card doth not belie her," returned Ephraim. I was about to place the card in my pocket book, when the sight of the envelope lying on the ground, drew my attention to the writing. The card had entirely obliterated the cover from my recollection.

I took it up, and read it. I have since lost it; but it ran, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following terms—"Monsieur, you are young; I am a widow, and wealthy. I have also rank. Call on me in Paris; and if you are not

insensible to my wishes, you may, perhaps, find happiness with

"MARIA DE N———."

It was brief, but explicit enough. "The French are famous for coming to the point," says I. "Sometimes they shun the point," says Crampwell. "You are speaking of the men," says I. "True," says Crampwell," I had forgot myself—the ladies are not so cowardly. To have said as much as this in England now, would have been all right enough; but my tutor and myself had totally lost the circumstance of our voyage—it never once crossed our minds that we were in Calais when we both thus threw out, by implication, that the French were cowards. It was a sad instance of forgetfulness. There was a French waiter in the room; he frowned, shrugged his shoulders, pronounced "Morbleu!" with par-

ticular emphasis, and shut the door violently after him, as he quitted the room.

I took one or two strides across the room just to turn over in my mind whether it was probable that any ill consequences would result from our imprudence, and, as soon as I had satisfied myself on this head, I turned round to Crampwell—he was observing me with much earnestness. I could perceive he had some doubts as to my sanity. " It was an ill-judged conversation," says I, as soon as I could recollect myself a little. Crampwell stared. " You misunderstood the point in question," I continued. " What was the point in question ?" says he. " Never mind," says I: but when we converse of points in future, let us be careful not to misunderstand one another."

While I was thus speaking, I stood with my face towards the window, which looked into the yard of the hotel. The influx of strangers had for these few days been very great, as I understood from the *maitre d'hotel*: curiosity had induced a great number of English to visit France, and disgust and apprehension had driven many French to visit England. Now the latter had much more reason on their side than the former: the apprehension was well-grounded—the curiosity was absurd. Was it to be expected, that the revolution had metamorphosed the persons of the people? It should have seemed so, forsooth; for no sooner did a Monsieur Anglois set foot on shore, than he began to scrutinize every Frenchman he saw, with as much suspicion in his countenance, as a police officer displays when examining a person of dubious ap-

pearance. The poor Frenchmen did not know what to make of such treatment. "Mon Dieu!" says one of them, addressing a very curious gentleman who had just landed, and was quizzing the *petit-maitre* through his eye-glass—"Mon Dieu! vat is it you do see in me? Am I a vild homme, or a rhinoceros, dat you look so strict at me?" "Neither, sir; but you are a revolutionist," says the beau, and walked on.

If you keep company with thieves, you will get the name of a thief. The poor Frenchman's case was somewhat similar. He lived in the era of the revolution, and in the country where it took place, and therefore he was honored with the name of a revolutionist, altho' he had no more to do with it, probably, than the pen with which I am now writing. It is a very common case,

however, that men attain false appêllations from this simple cause, namely, because other men bestow these appellations without giving themselves the least trouble to inquire how they fit the person to whom they are applied. But this is neither here nor there—I must go on with my story.

I was standing with my face to the window, observing the different physiognomies of the persons going out and coming in, when I saw a poor Abbé, accompanied by an interesting young female, who leaned on his arm. They were both sorrowful; at least their countenances said so; and I felt my sympathy strongly excited towards them. I was half inclined to go down stairs, and invite the melancholy pair to share my apartment. "Pshaw!" says I, "if I give myself so much concern whenever I meet

a person in trouble, I shall be in sorrow from the time I have landed until the hour I shall re-embark." I turned away from the window, resolved to think no more of the Abbé and his daughter. It was a philosophical mode of settling with my feelings: but as I seated myself in my chair, I could not exactly reconcile it with my humanity. I was uneasy upon my seat. "I will think of Maria," says I to myself. Which Maria? There are three of them. "Good God!" says I; and before I knew what I was about, I found myself again at the window. The Abbé and his daughter were still there: they seemed to be in more affliction than before. "My God!" says I to myself, "they have neither money nor friends." I fell into a fit of absence; and, when I came to myself, I was walking at a confounded rate through the hotel: I began to inquire

whither I was going so fast; but, before I could satisfy myself, I was by the side of the Abbé. It was altogether an inadvertency.

There was an air of dignified resignation in the countenance of the sufferer, which would have found its way to a harder heart that mine. I could not withstand the potency of the expression. "If you are not too much pressed for time, monsieur," says I, "perhaps you will honor me with your company to dine with me in my apartment?" He made no immediate reply: but turning towards me, he fixed his eyes upon my countenance with an expression I can never forget. His inclination and his discretion seemed to be at variance; but the struggle was short. I had extended my hand to him: it was the token of friendship: he accepted it. "We are

strangers," said he, in very good English. "We are so," says I: "but must we remain so?" He looked at his daughter, as much as to say—"Shall I accept his offer?" A beam of pleasure glistened in her tearful eye; it decided him; he placed his arm within mine, and together we entered the hotel. My heart sprang to meet its new acquaintance.

"And are you going to Paris, monsieur," say I. He shook his head mournfully: I saw the tears gliding down the cheeks of the young lady. I reproached myself for touching, though ignorantly, on a subject which caused such distress. "I shall never see Paris again, monsieur," said he: "it is the tomb of my happiness." When he got thus far, he paused, and sighed deeply. I made no reply; and he continued—"Oh! monsieur, I could tell you a tale

of such sorrow." The young lady's emotions became so strong, that the Abbé seemed to forget his own troubles in his anxiety to console his daughter. "Cheer up, my love," said he; "he who has wounded us, can heal the hurts he has made. We have still, out of our property, enough left to carry us to an asylum; and in Britain we may hope to find that peace which France has robbed us of." I would have said something here, as the organ of my country; but my heart was too full; my tongue was impotent. I remained silent.

"Monsieur will, perhaps, listen to your story, father," said the young lady; "it will relieve you to unburden yourself of your afflictions." It was the voice of an angel. I gazed on her with silent admiration. What was the Countess de N—— to her? I loved her next

to my Maria! "It will be tedious to you, monsieur; you may have sorrows of your own," exclaimed the worthy priest. "If I had," said I, with some warmth, "I would not hesitate to confide them to your bosom." The Abbé was pleased with my manner; he pressed my hand: his daughter cast a look of silent gratitude upon me, which is not yet obliterated from my memory.

Unfortunate Juliet! how often have I wept over thy sorrows, and sighed as I have looked back on the blighted promise of thy early days! Could not the wide world, so fruitful in humanity and neglect, produce one heart sensible of thy virtues and thy merits—one bosom which would throb responsive to thine? Was there no arm to shield thy tender beauties from the biting frost

of adversity—none but the paralyzed, the shaken, the unsinewed arm of an aged parent, whose energies were destroyed by the sharpness of his afflictions? Alas! if there was one, thou didst not find it—there was none for thee!

"Ten days ago, monsieur," commenced the Abbé; "only ten days—and I had a wife, two sons, and my daughter. We were happy together—happy in the love of our neighbours—happy in our mutual caresses. Eight days since, it was early in the morning, a party of *gens d'arms* entered my house; and, under an order from the Directory, seized my boys. They were innocent of any crime; but they had enemies—who is without them, monsieur?" The Abbé paused to wipe away his tears, and kiss off his daugh-

ter's. I am sure my Maria will forgive me for the expression, "I almost envied him."

The Abbé proceeded—"The imputation of crime is sufficient in these times of mistrust. Integrity is but a weak defence. My boys were tried—yes, they were placed before a mock and bloodthirsty tribunal. Let me hasten over the rest—they are in heaven! the stroke was too heavy for the heart of a fond mother to endure—she is no more! While death remained in my house, the republican soldiers again entered it. I had received notice of their approach; and had just time to collect my jewels and money, and to escape with my Juliet, when my house was in flames. My feelings had been too well instructed in misery already to suffer much on this occasion. We bent our

way hither; and it is our intention to embrace the first opportunity to escape from this scene of desolation." He concluded: his heart seemed bursting: but a flood of tears gave him relief. Juliet sobbed audibly. I could have pressed her to my bosom as a sister; but I was a stranger, and I only dared to weep and sob in unison with them.

"Have you friends in England?" I asked. The Abbé squeezed my hand. "Only Him who in every clime and country is the friend of the wretched." "And he will be yours," said I energetically: "and he will lead you and your Juliet to scenes where you may recover your happiness."—"My happiness has taken wing from earth, replied the Abbé." The subject was a melancholy one. I was anxious to turn

it into a different channel. "I will give you letters of recommendation to my father, Sir Philip Russel," says I; "he will feel a pleasure in lessening your sorrows, and in drawing out the arrows with which misfortune has pierced you." The Abbé and his daughter thanked me: I pressed the hand of the former; and, throwing my arms round the amiable Juliet, I clasped her to my bosom, as I exclaimed—"Sir Philip has no daughter; he will adopt and love thee!"

"And Maria would be a sister to her," my heart added, but I dared not suffer the idea to escape from me. It was a luxurious moment: in all the voluptuousness of sympathy my soul reveled, and looked down with a feeling of conscious superiority on those bosoms which are made too callous by

Nature or habit to participate in the joys or the sorrows of others. "What," says I to myself, and I rose in my own opinion above ten degrees as I suffered the idea to swell in my mind—"What pleasure has the unfeeling heart to boast of equal to that of making the misfortunes of virtue one shade lighter by dropping on them the alleviating tear of friendship?" And when I shut the doors of my heart against the knockings of him who is in distress, may the Being, at whose command the gates of Heaven are expanded for the admission of the virtuous, turn away from me when I would seek to enter!

A packet was about to sail the same evening: I would not ask the Abbé to prolong his stay, as I found he was not entirely free from the apprehension that he might be pursued by the unre-

lenting cruelty of those who had deprived him of his sons. I accompanied them to the beach: it was like the parting of friends whom length of years and intimacy had rendered dear to each other. "When you reach Paris," said the Abbé, "go to the church-yard of St. Benedict. In the remotest corner from the church, under a solitary yew, and covered by a flat stone, you will find——." He could not proceed: his tears and his silence were eloquent. "I will visit the spot," said I, "and pay homage to the memory of departed virtue." The beach was pretty free from spectators. The Abbé caught me in his arms, and, with a father's affection, embraced me. I pressed Juliet's hand to my lips; she inclined her cheek to me, and I kissed it—it was a salute which angels might have witnessed without offence; and my Maria, had she seen it, would have

loved her Henry the better for his philanthrophy. The boat was waiting; the Abbé stepped on board, I handed Juliet after him: a sudden childishness overcame me, and a plentiful suffusion of tears prevented me from seeing any more; but the receding splashing of the oars sounded their departure. I retraced my way to the hotel.

"This is the first incident which has occurred to me in France," says I to myself, "and a sombre tinge it has upon it." Although I had heard so much about the superior politeness and the superior taste of the French before I set out on my tour, I began already to think that if those, who are so ready to prefer foreign manners and customs to those of our own country, had witnessed the scene and heard the tale I had seen and heard to-day, they would have been induced

to suspend their belief of the astonishing virtues which grow every where but at home. "Good God!" says I, "is it possible that such sanguinary atrocities can be tolerated and committed in a nation celebrated for its polish?" If I had not conceived such a high opinion of the Abbé de Barsilly, I should almost have been tempted to question the truth of a narrative which displayed human nature in such disgusting colours. His tears, his sighs, his anguish, however; and the sighs, tears, and anguish, of Juliet, were corroborations which falsehood could never have produced. I was convinced that the Abbé spoke truth; and that refinement, when it becomes outrageous, leaves the actions of old fashioned ignorant barbarity at a respectful distance.

"We might get to Boulogne to-night,"

says Crampwell, just as I had sealed up a packet for my Maria. It was a sacred task, and I would not have omitted it, if the Directory had been at my heels. "How?" says I. The question put him to a nonplus; he had forgotten the emphasis with which the *maitre d'hotel* had dwelt on the circumstance of every carriage being put in requisition to convey soldiers and men intended for the armies to their several points of destination. "Were not Ephraim and Rachel compelled to trudge to St. Omers on foot?" I continued; for they had departed while I was engaged with the Abbé de Barsilly and his amiable daughter. "True," returned Crampwell eagerly; "but we cannot stay here until the armies are all recruited." "But we must stay here," says I, "unless indeed——" "Unless what?" asked Crampwell eagerly. I saw the idea of de-

tention was odious to him. "Unless we can make up our minds to bribe the *maitre*," I returned. "We are not in England," says Crampwell, in a disappointed tone. "But the French take bribes, from the general of an army, to the *fille de chambre*," says I. As I said this I pulled the bell-rope.

"I thought the French were immaculate," says Crampwell. "We'll try 'em," says I. A waiter came into the room. I wanted his master; in two skips he was out again, and (if I may judge from the interval which elasped, allowing about two seconds for a skip) in about three and twenty more his master entered. "Can I have a chaise to Boulogne?" says I. He shook his head sagely, and uttered a negative with such determination in his voice, that I really began to fear lest Cramp-

well should have thought correctly. "If this fails," says I to myself, taking a guinea out of my pocket, (I knew a bank note would not carry the point,) "we must e'en follow Ephraim's example, or sit down contentedly, and study the manners and customs of Calais." I threw it on the table. "Could not you procure me a conveyance," says I, "if I added another to it?"—"Mon Dieu !" says the astonished Frenchman, scratching his head, "les Anglois are so genereuse! Begar, I will run and see." This reply was intersected by a great many pauses: he seemed unwilling to enter into an engagement so promptly after his strong negative; he was equally reluctant to leave the guinea on the table. "You may take it," says I, seeing how attentively he eyed it, "if you will undertake to provide us a conveyance on the terms I offered you." He made a skip towards the table. I laid

my finger on the guinea. "I must have a reply. Will you or not?"—"Oui, Monsieur," says he, grasping the prize, and, making a skipping bow to the ground, to show the extent of his gratitude, he disappeared.

In half an hour we were on the road to Boulogne. "You see," says I to Crampwell, "the French take bribes." "Amongst the middling and lower classes," says he. "Aye," says I, "and amongst the higher ones too." The secret consists in apportioning the *quantum* to the quality of the receiver." "There may be some truth in it," says Crampwell. "But it is a wretched conveyance," says I; "one may, in England, travel fourteen miles in better stile for two guineas." The horses were not much inclined to the *en bon point*; consequently, were not entitled to the appellation of beautiful, and the vehicle

was an old shattered chaise, through twenty places in the body of which the wind, had there been any stirring, might have annoyed us at all points. It was fortunately a serene summer's evening; and the carriage was well adapted for the season. Indeed it might have been as well if a little new paint had been afforded to its exterior, for we were by no means so attached to the antiquarian principles, as to feel any very particular veneration for the broken coat, which afforded a strong evidence that the paint must have been laid on about the period of *Louis le Grand!*

I don't know what it was which put me in an ill humour; it might have been because we were no less than seven hours in travelling over this very moderate space of ground, between one hindrance and another. Whatever it was

however, which produced it, I was so surly when we drove into Boulogne, that I was disposed to quarrel with every thing I saw. " Good God! " says I, " is this their boasted Boulogne! Why the dirty mud-cisterns and paltry rag-shops of St. Giles's cut a more respectable appearance."

The postilion was holding the door in his hand. " Mon Dieu, monsieur," says he, " c'est un beau—" " Pshaw !" says I, putting a crown in his palm Previous to this act of reconciliation the countenance of the Frenchman had betrayed certain symptoms of dissatisfaction; but now, it was suddenly relaxed into the most obliging form possible. I dare say he would have listened with the utmost complacency imaginable while I had branded with opprobrium every city town, and village, in the empire of the republic.

There is nothing either in the appearance of the town, or in the manners of the Boulognese, to attract an Englishman; unless he can divest himself of the recollection of the airy streets and open candour which are to be found in the interior of his own country. The fortifications are the only part worth viewing; and these we were not allowed to inspect, in consequence of the strict regulations adopted under the new *regime*. "And why should a nation at peace with the world observe such a singular line of conduct?" says I to the hôte, when he had explained to me this new system. He shook his head very sagaciously. I continued, "They might surely have allowed us to gratify an innocent curiosity—we are neither spies nor engineers." The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and with a bow to the ground, replied, "*Vous vous trompez*

*lourdement !*" I felt myself in a strange ferment. "What!" says I, looking first at Crampwell, then at the Frenchman, "do we resemble men of this description?" As I said this, I had advanced a few paces towards the *petit maitre*; he was evidently discomposed by the sternness of my countenance. "*Pardonnez-moi, monsieur*," says he, retreating as I advanced; "*les Anglois ont trop d'ingenuité !*" I did not trouble myself about the fitness of the compliment, but allowing it to produce its intended effect, I assumed a look of complacency, and the hôte retired, not a little gratified at the success of his *cajolerie*.

We had remained a week at Boulogne. "It is necessary," says Crampwell, when I urged an earlier departure:" it is necessary to make ourselves well acquainted with the manners

and customs of the different towns where we pause, and these are not to be obtained in a day." "But other tourists," says I, "unless they are allured by some particular object which promises them pleasure, hurry from town to town; and know no more of the manners and customs of the continent on their return, than they did at their outset." "True," says Crampwell; "and if it is your wish to imitate them——." I knew the complacency of my tutor too well to be ignorant of the idea he was about to express: I did not give him time to finish the expression, but interrupted him. "But I do not wish it," says I. "I would neither pass over the customs of France, nor slumber over them neither."

The next day we reached Abbeville; there was nothing in it to learn or to amuse, and, as pleasure or profit regu-

lates the movements of most travellers, we pushed on to Amiens; and in four days afterwards we found ourselves in the hotel d'Angleterre in Paris. The house was full, and we could procure no accommodation. What was to be done? "There is an English family next door," says the *maitre* in broken English, "and perhaps they may accommodate you." The hint was sufficient: I sent Crampwell to open a negociation, and in less than an hour we were admitted into the society of Mr. Dutton and his family.

"And what could induce you to visit Paris at such an unfavourable period?" asked Mr. Dutton, as our friendship grew warm over the exhilarating wine he placed before us. "In England," says I, "we were ignorant of the excesses into which this revolutionary

mania had hurried its victims." "The worst is yet to come!" says he, shaking his head, and sighing deeply; and he spoke prophetically, for on that very night the tocsin was rung, the drums beat to arms, and the alarm-bells sounded.* It was the signal for general destruction; the sword of the destroying angel passed through the streets of Paris, and the morning sun rose on a scene of blood.

My mind recoiled with horror from the contemplation of evils to which I could discover no limits—I shuddered at the excesses which were committed under the sacred name of Liberty.— "O my country," says I to myself, "how much happier art thou, under the pressure of thy sorrows, which are not trivial, than France is likely to be under a system which cannot destroy

oppression without drowning it in the blood of the oppressed." I was no enemy to the liberties of France. No! God forbid that I should be the enemy of the liberties of any nation under heaven! I had learned to hate the tyranny which had so long kept her in a stage of vassalage; and when the prospect of a revolution first presented itself to the world, I rejoiced in the hope that it would lead to the general prosperity of a great people. I had not foreseen that a few bloody-minded savages, the scum of the vile and the refuse of the community, would be able to engross the favour of the sovereign, and to establish a reign of terror. I was ill able to anticipate the foundation of an iron despotism, on the ruins of a more fragile fabric of corruption. No! had I been gifted with a prophetic eye, I should rather have prayed

for the continuance of the system which did exist, evil as it was, and greatly as it increased in evil, rather than for the occurrence of a revolution which, while with one hand it struck off the chains which fettered the nation, with the other forged more durable and weighty ones in their room. How weak and bounded are human perception and penetration!

We were sitting round the breakfast table: the party consisted of Mr. Dutton, his two daughters, and myself, (he had lost his wife four years before this period;) a newspaper had been brought in, and I was reading the sorrowful detail of the events of the night when suddenly a volley of musquetry cleared the street. We started from our seats, in silent horror; when the door of the apartment flew open, and

a young man of elegant manners, but with an expression of fear in his countenance which I shall never forget, rushed in, and, bleeding from a wound he had just received in his shoulder, entreated our protection. " I am denounced and proscribed," said he, " and if you refuse me an ayslum, I must die." " What is your crime ?" asked Mr. Dutton. " Alas ! " returned the stranger, " my mother is the Countess de N——." " God God !" says I, " is it possible ?" The cause of my sudden emotion was fortunately misunderstood. No one suspected that I knew any thing of the Countess, and my expression was naturally enough attributed to the surprise I must have felt on finding that to be the son of a Countess was considered a crime. " And have you left your mother to perish ?" inquired Mr. Dutton. I was

about to ask the question myself, as soon as I could have moulded it to my own satisfaction. " Alas, sir, says the young nobleman, " a party of soldiers entered the hotel de N——— this morning; and after plundering it of every thing of value, they seized the Countess, before I was informed of the purpose of their visit, and I only escaped through the gratitude of one of the troop to whom I had rendered service formerly; the hotel is now in ashes."

A tumult at this moment was heard in the street. " They are in pursuit of me !" exclaimed the young Count. We assisted him up the stairs, and were on the point of giving him egress by the door which led to the roof, when we perceived that the *gens-d'armes* had passed by, and the imminence of the danger was over.

Previous to this occurrence I had determined to give myself no further trouble about the Countess de N———; her billet and her card I had given to the flames. But no sooner did I hear of her distress and her danger, than I felt interested in her safety. Accordingly, to the young Count de N——— I determined to communicate that I had accidentally met with the Countess, suppressing all those circumstances of our acquaintance, which might wound his feelings, or lessen his natural affection. He received the information with some surprise. "Surely, sir," says he, after a moment's hesitation, "you are not the Mr. Russel of whom she has been accustomed, since her return, to speak in the highest terms?" and on my answering in the affirmative, he embraced me with as much apparent affection, as if we had been long intimate, yet long divided.

"But can nothing be done to save the Countess?" I asked, addressing myself to Mr. Dutton. He mused awhile without returning any answer. "I would willingly undergo a little risk to preserve her;" I continued. Mr. Dutton remained silent, but, beckoning me to follow him, left the apartment. I made a slight excuse to the Count, and rejoined my host in the adjoining room.

"Do you know any thing of this Countess de N———?" says Mr. Dutton, as soon as he had fastened the door. I answered in the negative; adding the manner in which we had become acquainted, and the circumstances which delicacy had induced me to conceal from the knowledge of her son. "She is one of the most abandoned women in Paris," he re-

turned; "a professed courtezan, and one who will run any lengths to gratify her pleasures." "Good God!" says I to myself, shuddering at the idea; "from what a woman have I escaped!" I was thunderstruck at the intelligence; for although I had expected to find her perfectly free in her conduct to myself, should I call upon her, I was far from suspecting the real nature of her character. As soon, however, as I had divested myself of the first emotions of horror which had taken possession of me, I expressed my intention still to serve her, if it lay in my power. "I know Compiere," says Mr. Dutton, after a moment's pause. The name was foreign to my ears. "Who is Compiere?" says I. "A man who has much influence," returned Mr. Dutton, "but who is very tenacious of his interference; choosing rather to remain

in obscurity, than to purchase greatness and a momentary popularity at the price of his virtue and integrity." "Such a man will scorn to ask a favor of the unprincipled," says I, in a disappointed tone. "What he would not ask as a favor," returned Dutton, "he would demand as a right. He is acquainted with the secrets of the revolution, and the designs of those who projected it." I made no objection to an application to this man, and a note was immediately dispatched to him.

When a man practises reserve to the women he loves, it is a certain sign that he either entertains doubts as to the extent of her affection, or the purity of his own conduct. This idea suggested itself to my mind, as I was considering whether I should relate

my adventures with the Countess de N—— to my Maria in the letter, I had just commenced; and it determined me at once. "But why have I hitherto concealed the circumstance?" I asked myself; and I was a little posed to answer the question. It was certain that I felt satisfied as to my own conduct on this occasion; and, consequently, if my position held good, it was a natural inference that I must be dubious of the extent of Maria's affection for me. "But I am certain of her love," says I, rising from my chair, and dashing my pen on the table; "and if I were not certain, I would instantly return and satisfy myself, let what would be the consequence." "Then my position goes to the dogs," says I to myself, seating myself again with the utmost composure imaginable. I was not at all contented, however,

with this mode of settling the dispute, so I laid down my pen one more; and resting my chin upon my left palm, I began playing with the paper with my right hand; it was quite a studious attitude.

"Why did I conceal this circumstance until now?" says I to myself once more. I could not tell: in vain did I look up towards heaven for a ray of intellectual light to guide me out of the labyrinth into which I had plunged myself. I became very restless and impatient; at last it increased to downright anger at my own stupidity. I put the letter into my desk, and locking it up very hastily, I snatched up my hat, and was proceeding out of my apartment, when, suddenly, the very idea I had been hunting after rushed into my mind. "It will do!" says I to myself, returning to my seat, unlocking my desk,

and taking out my paper again. The abruptness of my movement had set all my stagnant ideas into action, and I knew as well the cause of my reserve to Maria, as though I had studied the matter the last seven years. "I concealed the circumstance," says I to myself, "because I did not wish to alarm Maria's affection for me by any descriptions of the wantonness and levity of the French women with whom I was about to associate."

I had no great difficulty to persuade myself that this was really the case, and, if my reader should be of a different opinion, I can only convince him that he is wrong, by assuring him that I directly sat down, and wrote a very long letter to Maria, in which I related every tittle which passed between the Countess and myself, even to the delivery of the

card and the *billet-doux*. If after this, he should remain obstinate, I can only express my wonder that nature should have gifted any man with such an unreasonable portion of infidelity; and then proceed with my tale.

The Count de N——'s wound was but of little consequence; and, although it bled so profusely at his entrance into our breakfast room, a single dressing was deemed sufficient to remove the inconvenience attending it. By the time when Monsieur Compiere was expected, he felt little of it. It was about six o'clock, when this bloated consequential Frenchman arrived; and, as I had made up my mind to see a round-faced benevolent countenance, beaming with every virtue, and hanging out a sign of integrity which no one could mistake, I must confess I endured a grievous dis-

appointment when I beheld a long-visaged, sharp-nosed, surly looking gentleman, who seemed to expect every one to do homage to him, while he himself scarcely deigned to notice any one except Dutton and his daughters. I did not gather much hope and confidence from his looks.

"You must save the Countess, if you can," says Dutton, as soon as he had related the outrage which had been committed on her hotel on the preceding morning. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "*C'est fort difficile*," says he. I imagined I saw the motive of his hesitation; and for a moment I hesitated to consider in what way I could offer a bribe without running a risk of a refusal. "It may be needful," says I, "to *fee* the *guichetiers*; and as I said this, I took out a purse of livres, and made

a movement to place them in his han
He drew back a few steps, and made a pause, as if to recollect himself. I was in fear of a refusal: the Count de N—— seemed suspended by his agitation: Dutton looked confused; and the young ladies fixed their beautiful eyes anxiously on Compiere. Our doubts were soon removed; the Frenchman, with an expression of consent, held out his hand, took the purse, and, in a few minutes, he had quitted the house.

"The French take bribes," says I, addressing myself to Crampwell. When Compiere had hesitated, I perceived the smile of triumph which had lighted up Crampwell's countenance, but it disappeared as the Frenchman held out his hand for the bait. He made no reply to my expression. "And this," says I to myself, "is the boasted vir-

tue and integrity of Monsieur Compiere." I said nothing audibly: I had no wish to add to Dutton's confusion; he appeared disappointed, and I was convinced that he had mistaken the character of his friend. I had inadvertently set him right on the subject.

In about two hours after his departure, Monsieur Compiere returned, and with him the Countess de N——. I felt confused at her entrance, the reason was obvious to myself: I had concealed the principal features of our acquaintance from the Count; and I was at a loss how to conduct myself towards her. She soon relieved me from my embarrassment on this head, when, advancing towards me with the most easy familiarity in the world, and without noticing any other person present, she

presented her cheek to me, as she exclaimed,—"My dear friend, I am rejoiced to meet with you in Paris. Assist me to thank Monsieur Compiere for his kind interference." I pretended not to observe the movement of her cheek towards me, but, taking her hand, I was about to make some sort of reply, when the Count took up the subject. "Madame," says he, "it is to this gentleman also that you are indebted for your liberty."

"Never was any thing so unfortunate," says I to myself; "I would not that she should have known a tittle of the business, for God knows what misconstructions she may put upon the act." I was more than once induced to quarrel with myself, for being so profuse with my livres: but I recalled good humour by persuading myself

that it was an act of humanity which I would have exercised towards any stranger. "Aye," says I again, "and he who would not part with fifty livres to save the life of any fellow-creature, little deserves to share the good things which heaven gives to man." While I was settling this account within myself, the Count had explained to his mother the share I had borne in the recent transaction. I could have wished to be any where rather than present at this moment; but it could not be avoided.

As soon as the Countess understood the extent of her obligations towards me, she seemed to think that she might, under the cloke of gratitude, give a free vent to her feelings; and, to my utter confusion and affliction, she immediately advanced again towards me,

and, *sans ceremonie*, throwing her arms round me, embraced me with an ardour which absolutely disconcerted me. I would freely have given fifty livres, had they been the last which remained in my purse, to have evaded this embrace.

I cannot possibly tell to what new mortifications I might have been exposed, had not Monsieur Compiere most kindly interrupted the ardour of the Countess, by informing her that this was no time to hinder in idle gratitude; but that, if she wished to escape, she must take instant measures for her departure, as she would be pursued as soon as her emancipation should be discovered. "And whither can I fly?" says she, in a tone of mingled supplica tion and disappointment. "To England, Madame," replied the Count.—

"But who will be my companion and protector?" says she, casting a glance on me which I could not misunderstand. I turned my head away, and walked to the window. The Count, however, had noticed the look, and fathomed its expression; and, in an angry voice returned—"I will, Madame; unless you have a more agreeable protector in view."

The tone and manner of the expression induced me to look round. The Countess appeared to swell with indignation, and with great difficulty to restrain her anger within the bounds of moderation. My eyes met those of the Count; there was a fury in his looks which surprised without alarming me. I resumed my former position, and paid no attention to the apparent menace. My mortifications, however, were not

nearly concluded: I only fell from one difficulty into another; it was an evening of trial; and many a time, before it was over, had I wished that I had never quitted the deck of the packet.

I had just fallen into one of my reveries when I was suddenly startled by a gentle tap on my shoulder. I turned round instantly: it was the Countess— "Mr. Russel," says she, "I wish to speak with you in private before I take my leave of you." I would willingly have excused myself had I known how to have managed it; but my natural stupidity resumed its empire in my mind, and I followed her to the next room.

"Dearest and best of men," exclaimed the Countess, throwing herself into my arms, "can you suffer me to become

an outcast from my country, after you have released me, and not accompany me to shield me from the dangers of a strange land?" "The Count will protect you, madame," says I; "and you are going amongst Englishmen!"—"Then you will not go with me?" she returned, in a voice of menace. "I cannot, madame," says I; "my engagements will not permit such a step." "False cold-hearted Englishman," she returned, "then I will return to my prison, and to-morrow shall behold me led forth to decapitation, the victim of your cruelty." As she said this, she made a movement to retire; when the door suddenly flew open, and the Count entered with an agitation of countenance which convinced me that he had overheard our conversation.

My sensations at this moment were

by no means of a pleasurable nature. I had involved myself evidently, both with the mother and the son, and I was unable to guess at the consequences which might result from the circumstance. "But I have acted correctly," says I to myself: "I have preserved unshaken my constancy to Maria; and, let what will occur, I will so conduct myself as not to render myself undeserving of her affection." The idea inspired me with new vigour. I could have withstood the combined charms of all the Countesses in Europe, and the united attacks of all the Counts to boot.

"You must account to me, sir, for this attempt to degrade my family!" says the Count, advancing towards me with an air of defiance, and touching the hilt of his sword with his right

hand. I stood firm; and looked stedfastly in his countenance. "If all who belong to your family, Count," says I, "had done as much to preserve its honor as I have done, it would not now have been the *badinage* of Paris." "You must explain this mysterious insinuation, and that instantly," returned the angry Count. "You had better seek the explanation from the Countess," says I; "she will adapt it to her own feelings better than I may."

Hitherto the Countess had stood in silence, but the unusual agitation of her whole frame sufficiently betrayed the state of her mind. She could restrain herself no longer. "All the English are barbarians," says she; "and I will rather die under the guillotine than live amongst them." It was an ungrateful expression; and I almost

detested the heart which could give existence to it. "But did not Dutton say she was abandoned?" says I to myself, "and will a woman, who has gone to such lengths, hesitate to go still farther to gratify her revenge?" By the time I had proposed an answer to this question, the Count had had leisure to ponder over his mother's expression. His rage seemed to be growing into a more boisterous form: he stamped violently on the ground; half extricated his sword from his scabbard; and demanded if I was aware of the rank and character of his family. I felt a greater inclination to pity the Count than to resent his outrageous conduct; and, taking him coolly by the arm, I requested him to walk with me into another apartment.—"We will talk over this matter dispassionately," says I, "and I have no doubt the result will

be satisfactory to both parties." The Count assented, and we walked out of the room together: while the Countess, enraged to see her designs frustrated, exclaimed, in a voice of fury, "I will yet be revenged!" and rushed into the street.

Although hasty in his temper, the Count was open to reason; and as I considered farther delicacy on the subject of his mother's conduct as injustice to myself, I soon convinced him that his anger against me, to say the least of it, was premature. He intreated my pardon for the insults he had offered to me; and, as he wept over the developement of the infamy of the Countess, I felt that I loved him as a brother. And how easily might nine-tenths of human resentments be disarmed, if we would but allow reason to become the media-

tor! How many an untimely death might have been avoided, had not the blusterings of passion deafened the ear to explanation!

We had just returned to the room where our friends were sitting, and were busily employed in forming vague conjectures as to the nature of the revenge threatened by the Countess, when, suddenly, the outer door was violently assailed by a party of *gens d'armes*, and I had just caught Emily Dutton (who fainted at the moment she found I was in danger) in my arms, when the officer of the detachment entered the room, accompanied by the Countess, and followed by several of his men. "This is your prisoner," said the abandoned woman, pointing to me; "I denounce him as an enemy to the republic." I had no time to recover.

myself from the stupor into which I was thrown by this strange occurrence, before Emily was snatched from my arms, and I was pinioned as a felon, in spite of the interference of Compiere, who expressed his determination to rescue me. "Take care of this unprincipled woman!" says he; "she is one of the noblesse." The charge was sufficient; she was instantly secured, and we were marched off to the residence of the intendant of the police, attended by Compiere, Dutton, and Crampwell.

During this gloomy march, I had sufficient leisure for reflection. The circumstance, however, had completely turned my ideas into a channel altogether different from that to which they had been accustomed. Dungeons, guillotines, taunts, and every catastrophe to which

human nature is liable, were the principal features in my imagination. "And all this comes of this cursed fashion of making *le grand tour*," says I to myself; and in the bitterness of my heart, I cursed him who first projected a scheme which was so fertile in moral and physical danger, and from which so little benefit ever resulted. "But," I continued, "if fashion required it of every parent to sacrifice the first-born, such is her power and influence over the people of the eighteenth century, that her altars, from morning to night, would reek beneath the unnatural slaughter." When I had reached thus far, I felt my mind a good deal relieved; and if I had been allowed to give it utterance, I don't doubt that the effects would have been still more salutary. My thoughts now took a turn to Maria: "If this occurrence should have a tragical termination," says I

again, and I felt a pang at the idea which convinced me it would be no easy task to bid life farewell, notwithstanding at former periods I had talked so philosophically on the subject,—"Maria must then become another's!" The thought was worse than the horrors of the guillotine, and I can't tell how I should have managed to prevent my feelings from bursting all bounds, had not we reached, at that instant, the intendant's house.

A crowd of unfortunate prisoners blocked up the avenues to the chamber of justice; and we were informed that it was scarcely possible we could be examined before the morrow. In this case our fate would be indeed gloomy, for the dungeon to which we should have been doomed for the night would have been little less terrible than death.

Compiere, however, gained admission into the presence of intendant: he knew him; and obtained permission for us immediately to be brought forward: at the same time he gave me to understand that it would be necessary to make the intendant a present of a purse of a hundred livres, if I wished to be liberated. I put two hundred livres into his hand; he was pleased with my generosity, and without delay repaired to the intendant again, and won his favour. "What charge is there against this Englishman?" asked the intendant; the Countess without hesitation denounced me. "And who is this woman?" resumed the judge. "The Countess de N——," returned Compiere. It was the signal for her destruction: the magistrate instantly ordered me to be set at liberty; and the Countess, gnashing her teeth in all the

impotence of disappointed rage, was conveyed to prison.

When I returned home, I rushed eagerly into the house to publish myself, to the Count and the ladies, the news of my liberation. Emily was violently ill, through the excess of her agitation: from the moment of my departure she had incessantly called on me; and, no sooner did I enter the apartment, than she sprang from the couch, and, throwing herself into my arms, faintly ejaculated—" Thank Heaven, he is safe!" and swooned. I was distressed to behold the excess of her emotion; for it induced me to call up to my recollection a thousand instances of affection she had at various periods since my arrival betrayed towards me: and the discovery caused me severe pain; for she was amiable, and I lamented that

she should love in vain. I could have shed my blood for her, but my heart was irrevocably the property of another.

These reflections gave a very serious turn to my countenance; so that when every one expected to see me happy and gay in consequence of my late escape, the gravity which clothed my face excited no inconsiderable surprise. I attributed it to a dozen causes, as remote as possible from the the real one; and, to lull the suspicions of those around me, I continued frequently to force a smile, while my heart was torn with real anguish by the recent discovery I had made. I consoled myself, however, in some degree, by forming a resolution to disclose to Emily my real situation. "It is a duty I owe to her virtues," says I to myself; "it is incumbent on me to awa-

ken her in time to the truth, that she may check the progress of an affection which can only be productive of misery to one of Nature's fairest ornaments." After this decision, I was enabled to wear a gayer aspect, except when my eye painfully traced the anxious glances with which Emily surveyed me.

I have been endeavouring this half hour without effect to find in Nature a single object which more powerfully excites sympathy in the manly bosom than the sight of an amiable female in a state of distress. I have drawn the picture in my mind's eye, just such as I have seen it at various periods of my existence; the throb convulsive which agitates the bosom; the half-suppressed sigh struggling to extricate itself; the tear glistening in the eye, and slowly rolling itself down the pale

cheek; and the wrinkle of sorrow indented on the brow.—I have seen the original of this picture in Juliet, in Emily, and in my Maria—yes, in my Maria; but may gracious Heaven, if it have any new miseries in store for me, mercifully deduct this from the number—the pain of beholding the form I love or esteem convulsed with the agony of disappointed hope.

On the following morning, the opportunity I sought for offered itself to me; but when I had resolved to open the subject, I found myself almost incompetent to the task. Emily, as she extended her hand to me, in a voice of such angelic kindness inquired after my health, that, at this moment, had there been no Maria Parker in the world, all the world to me would have been centred in Emily Dutton. But my Maria

was in the world, and I was not inconstant to her even in thought; her image rose on my fancy, and my determination flowed again

I began to talk of my Maria. There was no other way of managing the business; at least none which to me appeared in any way plausible. I dwelt on her good qualities of mind and body with the ardour of a lover. I was resolved to probe the wound deeply, that the cure might be radical. I pretended not to regard the alternate flush and paleness of her cheek. I did not venture to gaze on her countenance, lest her tearful eye, and the emotion too visible in every feature, should disarm me, and divert me from my purpose. But when I concluded, I ventured to raise my eyes; but I staggered at the sight of her altered visage; it appeared to me as the complexion

of death. "Good God!" cried I, stretching out my arms to support her sinking form, "has my accursed folly brought about this dreadful change?" The amiable girl replied only by a sigh; and, as I pressed her to my bosom, her head sank lifelessly on my shoulder.

Mr. Dutton entered the room: he started on perceiving the situation of his daughter, and, advancing towards us, inquired, in an impatient tone of voice, what had caused this scene? I entered into an explanation in a few words, while he attempted to recover her. He was satisfied by the recital; but it was evident that he keenly felt the disappointment. Emily was soon restored; and casting a look of anguish upon me, which convulsed my soul, she leaned on the arm of her father, and silently left the room.

Whatever being thou art—whether thou art a diety of the first, second, or third order, according to ancient classification—whether thou art ranked amongst the *Dii superis* or or the *Dii inferis*—and whether thy name be Cupid or Lucifer—thou dost take delight in making wounds which are too frequently incurable, and amongst the many mortal murders thou art daily committing, dost chuckle and laugh in thy sleeve at the frailty of thy victims!—thou mischief-maker among women, and sower of discord among men, cannot thy arrows inflict tortures enow on the hearts of poor bipeds, unless their points are dipped in hemlock or gall? To be sure, thy godship is represented by poets and painters as nothing more than a little urchin; but as this description accords exactly with the description of two thousand years standing, I am justified in apprehending that

thou art stinted in thy growth, and wilt never attain to years of discretion. In that case, it is but labour lost to exhort thee: like all urchins of mortal texture, thou wilt delight in mischief; but let me only intreat, that, when thou dost fix in thy bow another poison-pointed arrow, thou wilt select a heart to shoot at less amiable and less susceptible than that of Emily Dutton.

The sun had risen to its meridian, when I ventured forth with Crampwell into the streets of Paris. "It is useless," says I to myself, "to dwell within the walls of Paris, unless we take some little trouble to make ourselves masters of the events which occur therein."—Mr. Crampwell was, with all his knowledge of the world, a man with only a very middling stock of intrepidity: ever since we had been in this metropolis (to be

sure it had been but a very short time) he had remained in the house, except when he was compelled to accompany my friends to bring about my liberation; and, on that occasion, his terrors were too evident to escape notice. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, when I expressed my intention to seek for a little knowledge in the streets of Paris, that he should betray a very serious reluctance to enter into my views. "There is nothing to be seen but massacre," says he, trembling as he spoke, "and we may endanger our persons, without adding to our stock of information." *I says, says I,* assuming a very determined aspect and tone—"That may, or may not be; we will make the trial, however; unless you have any fears for yourself." This imputation decided him: like all other men of weak courage, he wished to obtain credit for a great deal.—"Fears!"

says he; "no, Mr. Henry, I have no fears—that is—except for you. What would Sir Philip say, should I lead you into any danger?"—"Make yourself perfectly easy on that head," says I; "for be assured I shall make the best use I can of the little time I mean to remain in Paris." He said no more, and we sallied forth.

Crowds were collected in every corner of the streets, which were paraded by soldiers; we were not anxious to run into danger; but, as we were strangers to the ways, we were obliged to trust to chance for a direction. A vast concourse of people pressed towards an open space. I asked the cause of the tumult: "*C'est la Place de la Revolution*," was my answer; and the explanation was sufficient. A thousand unfortunate wretches had shed their blood on that spot since the first

glimmer of the morning. I was curious to see this place of execution; and, mingling amongst the mob, I was carried to the line of soldiers which surrounded the guillotine. Several victims were waiting, and Death smiled to see the activity and dexterity with which the executioners took from the shoulders of the trembling objects the burden of existence. I felt inclined to sigh; but I dared not to betray the least appearance of sympathy amidst the universal exclamations which burst from those on every side of me. More than once I turned away my head with horror; but I found I was noticed, and to save myself I was compelled to throw up my hat, and shout—*Vive la République!*

From a cart which drew up to the scaffold, a number of fresh victims ascended the steps to the platform. I marked

them, as, one by one, they approached the engine of destruction. There were several females amongst them. One of them particularly attracted my notice. "Good God!" says I, in an audible voice, "it is the unhappy Countess de N——." A murmur of indignation arose around me; I would have recalled the expression, had it been possible: the mob began to shove me from side to side: at that instant the Countess laid her head on the block: a general shout burst from the multitude. "It is the only way to save yourself," whispered Crampwell in my ear: I took the hint, and cried out, "*A terre avec la traitresse!*" The expression produced the intended effect: I was no longer an object of suspicion; but my head grew dizzy— I was sick at heart; and Crampwell, seeing my emotion, drew me out of the crowd.

"Such is the termination of a vicious career," says I to myself, as I walked homewards. I felt a severe pang when I called to mind that this vile woman might have still lived but for me. "She would only have added to her crimes," says Justice. "She might have lived to repent," says Mercy. I found myself inclining to the sentiments of Mercy. "But she had denounced you," says Discretion, "and there was no means left to save yourself but by the sacrifice of her." I was for some moments incredulous on this point; and was still discussing the subject in my mind, when Crampwell interrupted my meditations. "That vile woman," says he, "is rightly served: she has fallen the victim of her own wickedness." I mused a while before I answered.—"Had she owed her fall to any other than myself," says I, "I should have felt less for the consequence of her treachery." "But there was

no alternative," says Crampwell; "her life or yours was demanded. There could be no hesitation." I endeavoured to believe so; but I could not shake off the depression which this circumstance had produced.

The Count was sitting with Dutton when I entered. The alteration in my countenance was too visible to escape notice. "What has occurred to cause this affliction?" asked Dutton. I replied by a sigh; for I could not prevail on myself to wound the feelings of the young nobleman: perhaps, he considered that his presence was a restraint upon my feelings; for when he saw my reluctance to impart the cause of my sorrow, he rose from his seat and retired. "The Countess de N—— is no more!" says I, as soon as we were left alone. "Is it so soon

over?" replied Dutton. The tears rolled down his cheeks, as he added; "she has brought about her own destruction, but may Heaven have mercy on her!" "Amen," says I. The conversation dropped; Dutton went to break the news to the Count, and I fell into a train of musing.

"Give not way to excessive grief," says I, taking the Count by the hand, as he entered the room. "It is a debt we must all pay." At that moment the part I had taken in the transaction recurred to me. For the moment I had lost sight of it; but now, had my own existence depend on it, I could not have offered another word of a consolatory nature. I felt the tears trickling down my cheeks. "Had she died in our own hotel," said the Count, and he faltered as he spoke,—"had she

died in her own bed, I could have borne the stroke." I could not look at him; his sobs reached my ear: I was unmanned. "Good God!" says I to myself, "and has all this misery resulted from me?" The Count had noticed my emotion, and seemed to read my thoughts. He paused a moment from his grief, as if to recollect himself: his countenance suddenly became more placid; he took my hand, and pressing it affectionately between his own, "My dear friend," says he, "her vindictive spirit brought about the catastrophe which we mourn. Her own unconquerable passions have hurried her to the scaffold." I was relieved considerably. "Then you do not reproach me for the part I have borne against her?" says I. He looked on me for an instant with silent astonishment. "What have you done to merit reproach?" says he; "on

plunged you into danger, and, in extricating yourself, you were compelled to implicate her. You acted as I should have done; and how can I reproach you!" The answer was consolatory: the event seemed only to cement our friendship the more strongly, and we parted mutually gratified with each other.

From the moment I had left my native land, I had heard nothing from Maria; and, although my tour had only embraced the limits of a few weeks, this lapse appeared like the tedious march of years. I would have given all I possessed to have received one single line, in return for the thousands I had written to her, only to have assured me that she was well. The letters from Sir Philip mentioned not her name: they informed me of the arrival of the Abbé de Barsilly and the interesting

Juliet, but even the events which related to them were dull and uninteresting to me, for I was only solicitous to hear of Maria. "Why," says I to myself, "should I submit to a fate harder than even a banishment to Siberia? why should I remain in a country prolific only in blood?" The wish to return to England had now taken full possession of my heart: I gave up to it; and it became daily stronger and stronger. I hinted in my last letter to Sir Philip at the dangers which thickened round me in Paris; and I only waited his reply to fix my wavering determination. At length it came, but it was unpropitious to my wishes.—"You ought not to return so soon," said Sir Philip; "it is easy to quit Paris and travel in the provinces remote from the scene of blood which you describe. It would be unwise for you to visit England be-

fore your mind has been well impressed with the benefits of a continental education." The sentiment was unintelligible to me; I neither admitted nor felt its force. "But," says I to myself, "how should Sir Philip know any better? he never made the grand tour." His letter had rendered me pettish; and I even hesitated whether I should not return in opposition to his desires.

And I have no doubt any young man, situated as I was, would have felt precisely the same inclination, although he might not have expressed it so candidly as I have done; I have no question to assert, that, when a father thus unexpectedly steps in between his son and his son's dearest wishes, the son, however dutiful and affectionate he may be, while under the galling pressure of the disappointment, will heartily wish

his father at Jericho. I don't pretend to justify such a wish: I allow the full impropriety of it: but it was consonant to my feelings at the moment; and whatever imputation I may draw upon myself by the confession, I scorn to recal it.

Notwithstanding all this hesitation on my part about surrendering my wishes to my father's, I verily believe I should have done so, and have made up my mind to remain in Paris longer, but, while I was still wavering between two resolutions, the intelligence of war having broken out with England put an end to all farther irresolution. The English families began to take their departure in great numbers daily, passports were becoming more scarce; and an Englishman scarcely ever went abroad without meeting with insult. I must freely confess that my sensations, on hearing this

news, were not of a very melancholy complection. "I can return now," says I to myself, "without subjecting my conduct to any unfilial imputations." I immediately commenced a very ingenious disputation within myself to prove the necessity of putting an abrupt conclusion to my tour. "Surely," says I, "my father cannot expect the French republic to suffer my continuance in Paris: and, if he had wished me to remain longer abroad, he should have interfered with the British ministry to have induced them to submit to this famous denationalizing decree." "Aye," says I again, rising upon my toes and striking one hand emphatically on the other, "he should have interfered with the British ministry to be sure." I felt proud of the triumph which circumstances had afforded me. I felt happiness in the idea

that I should soon retread the same insulated but happy spot which contained my Maria; and, giving Crampwell an unusual shake by the hand as he announced to me the orders of the Directory for the immediate departure of the English, I says, says I, "I give 'em credit for the measure." Crampwell stared incredulously; I dare say he looked upon me as wavering upon the verge of insanity; and it was not altogether an unreasonable suspicion for a man who was ignorant of what passed in my mind. "Consider the distress, sir," says he, after a short pause.—"Consider the happiness," says I, interrupting him. "Of whom are you speaking, sir?" ejaculated Crampwell. "Of myself, to be sure," I retorted. In a moment all the symptoms of astonishment vanished from his countenance; he seemed at once to enter into my ideas of the

subject; and, with a very significant smile, he rejoined, "I may apply then for passports, I suppose." I bowed assent; it appeared to me the least troublesome way of giving an affirmative; it was perfectly intelligible, and he withdrew.

Mr. Dutton and his family were not less anxious than myself to quit a spot which had been rendered odious to humanity by the outrages which had been committed on it. There were reasons which militated against our proceeding to England together, but as this amiable family did not consider them sufficiently weighty to call for our separation, we determined to make but one party, which should include the Count de N——, whose safety, as well as his inclination, required it of him to banish himself from his country, which, like an unnatural mother, thirsted for

the blood of her child. I had observed that this young nobleman had discovered a particular susceptibility to the charms of Emily, and as he had hitherto appeared to us in a most amiable light, I must say that I felt a considerable pleasure, frequently in painting, dimly shown through the vista of futurity, the double union of the Count and Emily, and of Maria and myself, and the reciprocal pleasure which might one day be derived from the union of the two families. And how many a cheerless moment is indebted to imagination for the alleviation of its gloom! how many a sinking spirit is buoyed above the billows of despair, by supporting itself on the uncertain promise of delights to come! It is the extacy arising from the contemplation of these pictures of the mind which endues us with energy and strength to surmount the minor ills

of existence; and, like a beautifully executed and sunny distance in a landscape, draws off the eye from dwelling too minutely on the darker objects which lie the nearest.

Emily, however, seemed insensible to the attentions of the Count. I was pained to see it; "but," says I to myself, "time, aided by a due perseverance on his part, will ensure to him success." Her happiness was dear to me; and mine would have been increased to behold her united to one sensible of her virtues, and alive to those amiable qualifications which render the beauty of the female character the brightest gem which man can wear.

Our arrangements being all completed, we quitted Paris just at the peep of a fine autumnal morning. "Adieu," says

I, casting a look behind at the glittering towers of the city; "thou hast sown thy revolution in blood; and thou wilt soon reap a harvest of sorrow." The Count de N———, as we passed the Place de Bourbon, dropped a tear when he saw the ruins of his paternal hotel.—"Time," says he, "had rendered it venerable—where is its majesty now?" Dutton wept. A residence of thirteen years in this gay metropolis had familiarized him with its customs, and he had hoped to have died there. He told us this, as we drove through the streets; "and there," says he, pointing to an ancient church which stood to the left, "I could have wished to sleep by side of my departed Ellen." I was struck the with the solemn appearance of the church-yard: a solitary yew spread a gloomy shade over the corner which was nearest to us. "What church is this?"

says I. "The church of St. Benedict," says the Count. The words had scarcely escaped from his lips, before I had stopped the postilion, and, without making any apology for my rudeness, had leaped from the carriage. It was but a step to the church-yard. I entered it with an awful sensation, and, leaning against the yew for support, cast my eyes round the spot. The object of my search was not remote. I saw the flat stone. Some rude hand had obliterated the commencement of the inscription; but the name of "De Barsilly" remained entire. I bent my knee on the stone: it was the fulfilment of a sacred promise, and I was relieved by its performance.

I had remained some moments in complete abstraction from every object around me: my thoughts had taken

wing, and paid a transitory visit to other worlds. "Rest in peace, mouldering relics of persecuted virtue," said I, rising from the stone. A deep sigh responded to my apostrophe. I started. An old man, bending beneath the weight of his years, and resting on a shovel, stood beside me. His appearance struck me with reverence; his hairs were silvered over by the frost of time, and his forehead was deeply indented with melancholy. I guessed him to be the sexton. "My friend," says I, pointing to the stone, "is it beneath this that the family of the Abbé de Barsilly rest?" "The mother and two sons," replied the old man in tolerable English. "They were respected," says I. I saw the tear stand on his cheek, as he clasped his hands together, and looked up to Heaven. It was an eloquent reply. "You knew them," I conti-

nued. "They sought an acquaintance with the needy, such as I am," was his answer. "Their virtues could not save them," said I. "Alas," he replied with an impressive energy in his manner which I still remember, "alas, had they been less virtuous, they might have been less unfortunate." "And how much a year would it require to keep this little space sacred?" says I, taking out my purse. While I live, sir," returned he, "it shall be so: their bounty often cheered me, and their grave shall not want flowers." I had counted out twenty livres, as he began this reply. "It deserves ten more," says I to myself. I put thirty into his hand. I saw the tears flowing plentifully down his cheeks; they were drops of gratitude from his heart; and I could have beggared myself, at that moment, to have made his future days

happy. While the pause continued, however, the postilion advanced to me, and reminded me that I had kept the vehicle waiting a quarter of an hour in the public streets. "Is it possible!" says I; and, without waiting for a reply, I squeezed the hand of the sexton; he bowed to the earth; and, as I entered the carriage, I saw him holding up his hands, as if to give me a parting benediction.

And for aught that I can see to the contrary, the blessing of such a sexton as that of St. Benedict is to the full as valuable and consoling as the blessings of all the priests in the calendar, not expecting even St. Benedict himself. I am far from intending any disrespect to the saints; but I have often considered that the intrinsic value of a blessing depends more upon the unso-

phisticated fervor of the heart which gives existence to it, than it possibly can upon the rank which any deified priest possesses. Be this as it may, however, (for it is a question which I will very readily leave to theologians to decide,) the warmth which the old man's blessing imparted to my heart has not yet left it, nor is it likely to grow chill until the heart itself shall cease to vibrate.

When we reached Amiens, we found the town so crowded by English and emigrants, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could procure accommodations: which we did, at length, after bribing most exorbitantly the master of one of the principal hotels. Whether what followed was intended by Heaven to punish him for his cupidity or not, I shall not presume to say; but

it had nearly proved of fatal consequences to many—although to me——but let me proceed in regular order.

About an hour after midnight, we were alarmed by repeated cries that the hotel was in flames. I threw on my clothes, and, rushing out of my apartment, witnessed a scene of confusion, which it would be utterly in vain to attempt to describe. The fire had completely seized on the lower rooms, and but one avenue of escape presented itself, by means of a window which looked into the street. The window was crowded to excess by the unfortunate inmates, who rushed precipitately to avail themselves of the only chance of safety. Every moment aggravated the danger, and the confused efforts of the lodgers tended to perplex rather than relieve them. There were still a dozen cramp-

ing each other, when suddenly a beam behind us gave way with a most tremendous crash. Urged beyond reason, by the fear of instant death, I instantly made a violent effort, and, putting aside those who stood betwixt me and my only hope of safety, I sprang from the window into the street, without sustaining any injury. In a few minutes the residue of the lodgers followed, and Crampwell and Bertrand stood by my side. All, however, was not yet safe; Emily Dutton was still absent; and the Count de N———, raising a ladder against the burning pile, ascended with an activity and courage which were not to be excelled. It was to the window of the apartment in which Emily had slept, that he directed his efforts; and in a few moments after he had been seen combating with the flames, he re-appeared, bearing Emily in his

arms. At this critical moment, another female figure appeared at an adjoining window, in an imploring attitude.—"God of Heaven!" cried I audibly, "is it possible? or do my eyes deceive me?" I had removed the ladder: a murmur broke from the throng, every one opposed the absurdity of the deed: I was not to be put from my purpose, but ascended, and with a sudden spring leaped into the apartment, where, in a moment, I found Maria, my own Maria, clasped to my bosom.

The conflict of emotions in my breast was now too violent to be endured. For a few moments, I was incapable of exertion. I heard the loud groan of the multitude as their fears for my safety gained ground: but it is probable I might have remained here, and met death with Maria, had not her voice

suddenly roused me from my nerveless stupidity.—"Oh! Henry, will you not save your Maria?" said she. The sound was electric, and again I sprang to the window: the ladder remained there, but the flames raged round us with redoubled fierceness: a loud shout hailed my re-appearance. I made a determined effort, and dashing through the fire with my angelic burden, I bore her safely to the earth, at the very instant that the roof gave way.

Private houses were thrown open for the reception of the sufferers; and to one of these I bore my Maria. I was agonized by a thousand hopes and fears: the fire had lost its influence in my mind: my whole soul was occupied in endeavouring to account for the extraordinary appearance of Maria in France; and such was the power of my

curiosity, that I, for an instant, forgot all other considerations, and I began eagerly to enquire into the cause, when I perceived my Maria's forehead bleeding, and that she had fainted in my arms. I was directly as free from curiosity, as the most incurious philosopher in the world. Thus it is that one tyrant thought devours another.

Maria's hurt was trifling: it was merely a slight contusion, and when the blood had been stopped, no farther injury was apprehended. My anxiety to learn the events which had led to this meeting, returned with double force; and Maria appeared equally eager to satisfy me. Her recital was not long, but it was full of interest; every trivial circumstance, with which she was connected, lost its trifling nature; and important occurrences wore a complec-

tion of still higher importance. Every pulse of my soul throbbed violently.

One or two only of my letters had reached the cottage; the rest had evidently been intercepted by Sir Philip: and Mrs Radcliffe, whose health had long been in a declining state, affected by my apparent negligence of her, languished a short time, and gradually sank into the grave. "And was my Maria so soon left without a friend?" says, I, interrupting her narrative: the tears ran down my cheeks; and Maria responded only in the silent but impressive language of grief. Her head reclined on my shoulder, and, as I pressed her to my bosom, she appeared to me ~~mere~~ valuable than at any former period. How comparatively trifling appeared the world to me, except that part of it which I grasped in my arms,

for that was all to me! After a short pause, she resumed her tale.—On the death of Mrs. Radcliffe, Maria communicated the event to Sir Philip, with her determination to quit the cottage. In the neighbourhood lived Lady Conolly; she was a widow, and had frequently been pleased with the beauty and virtue which dwelt so near her. On the death of Mrs. Radcliffe, she had visited Maria, consoled her, advised her, and invited her to her house.—Maria availed herself of the invitation; and, after paying the last tribute of affection to her aunt, she entirely took up her residence at Conolly Hall; where she was treated as a sister, or a beloved friend.

It was as much with a view to wean the heart of Maria from the sorrow which oppressed it, as to gratify her-

self, that Lady Conolly projected her journey to France; and it was immediately carried into execution. They had reached Amiens, when the intelligence of the commencement of war, and the measures which had been in consequence adopted by the republic, caused them to suspend the progress of their journey, and to prepare for a return. It was at this critical juncture that we met, under circumnastances of such an extraordinary nature.

"And is it possible," says I, after a moment's hesitation, "that Sir Philip could so basely act towards his son?" My indignation could scarcely contain itself: "and what could my Maria think of such neglect?" I continued, pressing her hand to my lips. "I thought," she replied, smiling through the tear-

drops which still stood in her eyes—"I thought that your discretion had triumphed over your affection; and that your father's inclinations had changed your own." I read in her countenance that she had been agreeably deceived. I could not avoid taking advantage of her favorable disposition.—"And did you wish that such a change had taken place?" I asked. A slight carmine tinged her cheek; it was nature's confession, which will betray itself when the tongue is silent. Maria, however, was not silent.—"It was my duty to wish it," says she, "after what had passed between Sir Philip and me." I was staggered: the fatal oath occurred to my memory, from which the joy of our meeting had completely obliterated it. "Good God!" says I, in a voice of agony, "can Maria for a moment doubt my power to dissolve that accursed

oath ?" She shook her head ; a mournful expression took possession of her countenance, and she sighed deeply. I was distressed by the evident incredulousness of her manner. "I will remove the interdict, or perish!" I added, with such a stern emphasis of tone, that Maria looked alarmed. I saw her uneasiness, and, clasping her to my bosom, endeavoured to reassure her with the hope that we should soon be united; she gradually became less sorrowful ; and I gave a loose to transports, which till now had been unknown to me.

Lady Conolly, who had escaped at the commencement of the fire, as soon as she had satisfied her anxiety respecting the fate of Maria, expressed her determination to join our party. Her ladyship's behaviour to Maria had entirely prepossessed me in her favor : I

was prepared to esteem her before I discovered the amiable qualities of her mind; but my esteem increased to an ardent admiration, as these qualities gradually developed themselves. My affection for Maria was too evident to escape her notice; she saw that it was reciprocal; and, free from that littleness of mind which gives existence to mean passions, she rejoiced at the prospect of Maria's happiness. We had not been many minutes together, before I learned that her ladyship was an old friend of Sir Philip's; and, auguring well from this discovery, before we left Amiens, I had opened my heart to her on the subject of Maria's oath, and she had readily promised to accompany me to London, and to procure the absolution of Maria from her vow. "I have no children," says this worthy lady, "and my property shall be added to her virtues;

they would be, unitedly, a dowry for a prince." I could only reply by pressing her hand gratefully to my lips; my heart was too full for utterance. I could only say to myself—"Were all ladies of quality to follow the example of Lady Conolly, and, instead of persecuting the unfortunate, and calumniating the unprotected, to seek the promotion of their fellow-creatures' happiness, how different would be the general opinion as to the worth of wealth and the value of nobility!

The roads were so completely blocked up by travellers from Paris to the coast, and, consequently, carriages were so difficult to be procured, that Maria and myself were compelled to take up with a cabriolet. I had introduced my Maria to my friends, and the arrangement which afforded us this enviable *tête-à-*

*tête* was planned by Lady Conolly.—Maria made some slight objections to it: she still remembered her vow; and, notwithstanding Lady Conolly had lessened her fears respecting its continuance, she still was under the influence of an apprehension lest it might not be dispensed with. Her opposition, however, was but of short duration, and we were soon seated side by side on the road to Calais.

We had scarcely quitted the town before we were met by a party of young men, under an escort of soldiers; they were a part of the conscription, and had been balloted for service in the armies. Several interesting young females followed them, wringing their hands, and giving way to extreme grief. I stopped the cabriolet to learn the cause of their anguish. "Sir," says one

of them, in French, "to-morrow would have been our wedding-day; every thing was prepared, when suddenly, my Jean was chosen to go to the armies; and our prospects are for ever destroyed." She would have said more, but was unable; the violence of her emotions checked farther expression. I would have served her; "but how can I be of service?" says I. "Alas!" replied one of the men, "they demand fifty livres for his release." "Is that all?" I added, pulling out my purse, and counting the sum demanded. The happy female was instantly at the door of the cabriolet; she took the money without speaking, pressed my hand to her lips, rushed to the commander of the escort, and in a few moments returned with her rescued lover, to thank me for her restoration to happiness. I shook hands with them, bade them welcome, and drove on.

I turned to my Maria: the tears were chasing each other down her cheeks; but they were the drops of pleasure. I strained her to my bosom, as I kissed them off. "My Maria!" says I. Her head fell on my shoulder, as she faintly responded, "My Henry!" The words were music to my heart: it was the first time she had called me her's; and the tenderness of the expression was above all purchase: it cost me but fifty livres. "And when I shall strain thee to my bosom for ever," says I, "my happiness will be as perfect as that of the young Frenchman." A deep sigh burst from her bosom. "But I have sworn!" says she. "An oath, exacted by violence, and yielded by fear," says I, "is not binding in the sight of Heaven, and ought not to be observed." I was hardly conscious of the tenor of the expression; I knew not my own drift.

"O Henry!" returned Maria, "urge me not to break my oath!"

I felt the violent palpitation of her heart under my hand. "But how can I live to see you another's?" says I, straining her to my bosom more closely. "I will never be another's!" she returned, in a voice scarcely articulate. I was convinced it was the voice of truth; and I respired more freely. "And may the God of Truth shun me," says I, "when I pay to another the vows I have paid to thee!" A beam of pleasure glistened in her eyes; I saw duty and affection struggling for the mastery: was it strange that love should triumph? The vows which we reciprocated during this journey were registered in Heaven; they cemented our hearts in an indissoluble unity; and while memory retains its functions, it will to the last delight to dwell on the

scene which occurred between Amiens and Calais.

The sterner preachers of morality will perhaps feel inclined to cast a censure on the prudence both of Maria and myself, as they peruse the account of this journey. In God's name, let them carp and cavil to their soul's content! their petty malignity has no point for me; and if every one were to be biased by their opinions in his quest after happiness, the portion of felicity which is allowed to man would be much more diminutive than it is at present; and there is but little room for reduction, if we hope for any at all. Those who set to work with clear consciences, and endeavour to promote their own pleasures without detracting from the enjoyments of others, may shut their ears against the slanderer, and will probably, by and bye, find themselves just

as heavy in the scales of right and wrong, as those who threw a stigma upon their actions.

We were detained at Calais three days before we could get a packet; and it was during this interval that I perceived with sincere pleasure the progress the Count de N—— had made in his suit with the amiable Emily. Indeed, his intrepid conduct at the fire at Amiens, to a heart susceptible as that of Emily's, must have served him essentially: she evidently listened to him with greater attention than heretofore, walked with him daily on the beach, and in his presence continually endeavoured to shake off the pensive sadness which would frequently overshadow her lovely countenance. The Count was assiduous in his attentions; he hung upon her words, and watched every expression

of her eyes with a lover's ardour, and never suffered an opportunity to slip unimproved of giving evidence of the strength and sincerity of his attachment.

On the fourth morning we embarked on board a packet, which sailed immediately with a fair wind. The receding shores of France excited very different sensations in my bosom, to those I had experienced when last I crossed the ocean. I was now returning to hope and joy, to my native land, and the scene, as I anticipated, of my future happiness. "The united efforts of Lady Russell and Lady Conolly," says I to myself, "cannot fail to win over Sir Philip to my wishes; and in the enjoyment of my Maria, I shall taste the purest delight."

The white cliffs of Albion brightened

on our view. Maria's eyes glistened with pleasure as I pointed out the seat of our reciprocal hopes: I was about to have said, the seat of all who were dear to us; but Maria was an orphan; the relentless hand of death had robbed her of those whom nature had endeared to her: for her there was no smiling countenance of expecting friendship, no expanded arms to welcome her return. Yet, though the retrospect was gloomy, and the present unilluminated, hope threw a cheerful tinge over the future, and showed, through the vista of time, a landscape teeming with fruits and flowers.

About noon we entered the harbour of Dover; the beach was crowded with strangers. A boat conveyed us to the shore. I had just assisted Lady Conolly to land, and had given my hand to

Maria, when a well-known voice near me caused me to turn suddenly round —it was Sir Philip. The unexpected rencontre startled me, but alarmed me not. I turned round to whisper in Lady Conolly's ear; but at the same moment I saw her in close conversation with my father. I pointed them out to Maria: she trembled at the idea of meeting with one who had so unjustly depreciated her; but I reassured her, and advanced to Sir Philip.

It appears from the information I have subsequently obtained, that no sooner did Sir Philip hear of Maria's intention to quit the cottage in which she had resided with her aunt, than he resolved to place a spy upon her actions; and from this person he had obtained the information of her entrance into the family of Lady Conolly, and

of her journey to France. A man of more sagacity than Sir Philip, by this movement might have been deceived into an opinion, that Maria's object was to effect a meeting with me; and this idea had no sooner taken possession of Sir Philip's mind, than he became furious with passion: and formed and reformed a thousand plans in the course of a few hours, until the fumes which clouded his imagination and judgment had found leisure in some degree to evaporate. The first determination of his cooler moments was to write to Crampwell, and to rely on his fidelity for the guardianship (as he was pleased to term it) of his family honour. This letter was immediately dispatched, but, whether it was owing to the new measures of the Directory, or the confused system which predominated at Paris, it never came to hand. Wearied, at length,

with waiting for Crampwell's reply, Sir Philip determined to set off himself, and to put a deci ive termination to any hopes which Maria and myself might give way to; but at this moment the news of the commencement of the war reached him. "He must come home now," says Sir Philip: and a letter which he received, in a few days afterwards, informed him of the route by which I meant to return. He took his measures accordingly, and had been in Dover four days, watching every packet which entered the port, when I arrived.

I paused a few moments, at the distance of a dozen paces from Sir Philip, to summon up my courage: I found I had as much need of it, as though I had committed some heinous crime. "He will not surely treat my Maria

with harshness," says I to myself as I again moved forwards. I fixed my eyes on his countenance, as I extended my hand towards him. There was no kind of flexibility in it; it was precisely such as I had seen it before, when the same idea possessed his mind, as I was convinced possessed it at this moment. My heart sank within me: I felt assured that Lady Conolly's intercession had failed in its effect; and I could scarcely preserve any tolerable steadiness in my extended hand. Sir Philip took it; he found it tremble within his own; he was about to speak sternly, but this circumstance disarmed him. He shook my hand with more feeling than I had expected, and contented himself with exclaiming,— "This is not wel done Henry." At the same instant he took Maria's hand, and added,—' You have found a friend in Lady Conolly."

If Sir Philip had spoken more angrily, and had taken no notice of Maria, I felt that I could have made up my mind to show an equal sternness or coldness of manner: but he was so moderate in his displeasure, that my mind was one perfect chaos. "Why the devil didn't he call me an undutiful rascal?" says I to myself; "why didn't he threaten to disinherit me?" I cast an affectionate look at Maria: her eyes were cast down to the ground. Lady Conolly advanced to her, and whispered in her ear; Maria squeezed my hand; I heard a faint farewell hang on her tongue. Her ladyship, in a low voice, bade me hope still; and, in a few moments, Maria had quitted me. I would have followed her to the end of the world. I made a movement to pursue: she looked back, and beckoned me to desist; there was something in her glance which did not

destroy hope; I determined to obey her: but my eyes pursued her, until Sir Philip, taking me by the arm, drew me gently from the beach to the inn, where his carriage had been prepared by Bertrand for our departure.

We had travelled upwards of a mile without exchanging a single word. I was too completely occupied in attempting to fathom the mystery which involved the departure of Maria; but the more I endeavoured, the farther did I appear to wander from the point. All was darkness and plexplexity. "But Lady Conolly bade me hope," says I to myself, "and Maria's looks did not discourage hope: and I will hope, and I shall ultimately triumph over opposition." While this soliloquy was going forward in my mind, I did not sit very quietly on my seat, as I supposed; for

I had scarcely reached the end of it, when Sir Philip called me to myself, by exclaiming.—"What's the matter with you, Henry? Can't you sit still?"

If he had opened the conversation in any other kind of way, I might have known how to answer him; but, for my soul, I could not just then think of any reply; and, therefore, after attempting two or three times to articulate an intelligible sound, I was fain to give it up, and to lean back in the corner of the carriage. I had not much time to meditate: Sir Philip had broken the ice; and in a few minutes he recommenced.—"Pray, Henry, how came you to meet with this girl?"—I summoned up my courage, and told him precisely the truth. "It was very strange," says he, "that you should meet in France."—"Yes, sir," says I,

" it certainly was very strange." " A person," he continued, " whom of all others you were endeavouring to avoid." —" That's a mistake," says I to myself; but I made no audible reply. He went on.—" I declare I can hardly think it accidental." — " I dare say not, sir," says I.—" And are you quite sure it was so, Henry ?"—" I would scorn to tell you an untruth, sir ;" says I. " Humph !" says he, and we both leaned back in the carriage.

We travelled about two miles farther, during all which time I was endeavouring to bring my mind to a proper frame, for the work I had intended for it. Says I to myself, " We shall get to London at this rate, and I shall be just as wise respecting Sir Philip's intentions, as I was before I set out." This idea determined me to revive the subject; but

as he had taken out a book, and was reading in it very composedly, I was obliged to wait for a favorable opportunity, before I could venture to make a beginning.

My patience was entirely exhausted, and I began once more to be very restless in my seat. He saw that something agitated me, and, whether it was to allow me to give it vent or not, I cannot say, but he laid down his book. I was just in a proper state of mind.—"Pray sir," says I, in a very respectful tone of voice, "did Lady Conolly communicate to you her views respecting Maria?"—"Yes, sir," says he, with a coolness of manner which alarmed me not a little; "the girl is fortunate in finding such a friend." I waited for some time, as much to recover myself from the discomposure into which this

unfavourable answer had thrown me, as to give him time to add any thing he might think proper to his reply. He continued silent, however; and, after a pause, I resumed, "The fortune which she will derive from her ladyship, will render her a desirable match for the first of our nobility."—"She is of no family," returned Sir Philip, "and no one will marry an unknown orphan."—"She is of the scanty family of the virtuous, sir," says I, "and is a gem above all value." Sir Philip knitted his brows, and looking at me with a sneering countenance, replied,—"And I suppose you would barter your family's honour to obtain in return this obscure girl." "I should consider that I upheld the honour of my family by such an alliance," says I, with as much firmness as I could command. "Your sentiments are still those of a boy," answered Sir

Philip very composedly. "And," I returned, "if it is a proof of manliness to despise virtue, unless it is connected with rank, may I never be considered other than a boy." My father made me no answer; he seemed to meditate on something: I fancied his countenance had relaxed its anger; and I determined to profit by the apparent alteration. —"My dear father," says I, taking his hand, "you would not render your Henry wretched. My heart is Maria's; do not urge me to give my hand to another,"—"I have vowed never to consent to this degrading union," returned Sir Philip; "therefore teaze me no more on this subject." His voice was so full of sternness, that I could make no reply: indignation and grief occupied my bosom; I made an effort to speak, but a sigh only escaped from me.

The residue of our journey was un-

usually tedious: my mind was altogether unstrung; my spirits were depressed: my ideas were in a state of confusion: I saw nothing desirable in life which was within my grasp; for, whenever the false hope of obtaining Maria fleeted across my fancy, the recollection of her oath followed closely upon it, and clouded the transient ray. At various periods of the journey, Sir Philip commenced a conversation; but my answers were either simple monosyllables, or so ill adapted to the subject, that he was always obliged to leave off. When we stopped for refreshment, he vainly pressed me to partake of food: I was sufficiently filled with gloomy horrors; and, withal, was in the most disobliging humour imaginable. Had the viands been poisoned, it is ten to one that I had been more complaisant, and had eaten even to a surfeit.

When Sir Philip saw that I obstinately persevered in this behaviour, he grew out of humour also, and preserved a most rigid ticiturnity; so that, for the last sixty miles of the journey, not six words had passed between us, while on the road; and I have very little doubt, from the trifling knowledge I have obtained of mankind, that if a word from either of us would have reconciled the jarring interests of England and France, we had neither of us sufficient patriotism nor good humour in our dispositions, during all that time, to have uttered it.

The crowded streets of the metropolis seemed only to increase my disorder: I felt no delight in visiting my native land, for my heart was unsusceptible of pleasure; gloom and sorrow were alone congenial to it. I sought Lady

Russel; she received me affectionately, and to her I unburdened all my griefs. She remembered her promise, and undertook to intercede for me with Sir Philip. "If he refuses to give his consent," says I, "I will renounce my family and the world for ever." It was an ungrateful expression; and I felt the impropriety of it, as soon as I had uttered it. Lady Russel had also noticed it; I saw that she was hurt by my unkindness, and, taking her hand, I pressed it to my lips, and rejoined,—"And yet where can I expect to meet with the affectionate sympathy you have displayed towards me?" The addition made my peace; the tear which had started into her eye, disappeared; and, with a smile, which might have irradiated a more despairing bosom than mine was in the midst of my trouble, she gave me hope of ultimate success.

For several days after my arrival in town, I remained in a stae of incertitude: Sir Philip was either out, or occupied so closely at home, that Lady Russel could find no opportunity to introduce the subject of my wishes. During this interval, I was engaged in the formation of plans to discover the residence of Maria, and to convey to her some intelligence of my state of mind. I resolved at length to address a letter to Conolly Hall: it was most probable that she was there; and, if not, the packet would be forwarded to her. I intreated her to consider my distress of mind; not to suffer an obstinate adherence to a rash oath to destroy our mutual happiness, but to permit me me to fly to her, and to make her mine. When this letter was gone, I felt happier, for I indulged a secret hope that her reply would prove favourable

to my wishes, and that I might thus have the means of felicity placed within my grasp. The mind which is floating in the black stream of despair catches greedily at every slight hope which appears within its reach, and retains its hold upon it to the last, as the drowning wretch vainly seizes on the weak bulrush, and firmly grasps it even in death.

Lady Russel's interference was in vain: Sir Philip remained inexorable: his ideas of family pride overcame every other consideration, and to these he seemed determined to sacrifice, if necessary, the happiness and even the existence of his son. "Had her family been noble," says he, I would not have required fortune; but I will never consent that my son shall marry one so completely beneath him."

The Abbé de Barsilly and his daugh-

ter resided near us: I had called on them once; they seemed resigned to their fate, and grateful to the country which sheltered them. Juliet, however, appeared to be the victim of consumption; ever pining, ever sad; even her smiles were tinged with anguish, and her hopes seemed to soar beyond the limits of the world. She loved to dwell on the fate of her family; it was a theme of sorrow, and therefore adapted to her state of mind. I contemplated her as a flower about to be transplanted to a more genial soil. When I informed her and her father of my visit to the church-yard of St. Benedict, she seemed to hang upon my words with an emotion such as I had never before witnessed. "You were kind," she would say, "to provide flowers for their grave. We cannot reward you." The Abbé thanked me with his tears: a squeeze of my hand spoke unutterable things.

I introduced to him the family of the Duttons, and the Count de N—–. They were no strangers to his virtues and his sufferings; and the acquaintance promised to be productive of mutual happiness. I saw all happy around me, but no glimpse appeared for me; even Juliet's melancholy was enviable; I almost wished to outstrip her in the race of life.

I was one evening sitting in my room, giving way to gloom, when a loud knocking at the door aroused me from my abstraction: it was late, and visits at this hour were very unusual. I felt agitated, I knew not why: in a moment, the knocking was repeated; an unusual bustle in the hall succeeded; but, before I could quit my apartment to ascertain the cause of the confusion, Bertrand rushed in, with terror in his

countenance. He could only exclaim—"Oh! sir, Sir Philip is brought home killed!" before I was down stairs and in the parlour, to which the servants had carried him. His horse had thrown him in the streets.

He was lying on a sofa, pale and bleeding from a severe wound on the head: I took his hand, and kneeling by his side, inquired if he felt himself seriously injured. He attempted to speak, but was bereft of the power; but a mournful shake of his head intimated too plainly what he thought of his wound. In a few moments a surgeon arrived, who dressed the contusion, and gave it as his opinion, that its consequences would be fatal. I assisted to carry him to bed, and watched by him through the night: I considered it as a sacred duty; and yet, in the intervals of his broken rest,

my thoughts involuntarily would wander to Maria.

An unrefreshing night added to the virulence of the disorder, and when the morning dawned, Sir Philip's situation was such as to preclude all hopes of his surviving through the day. He had recovered his speech, and, on being informed of the danger of his state, he desired Lady Russel to be sent for. Several times he seemed inclined to speak to me; he took my hand repeatedly; something of importance seemed to hold possession of his mind, which he could not summon power or resolution to utter. I imagined he wished to speak of Maria, but I dared not anticipate the purport of his communication. "Should he exact an oath similar to that which he extorted from Maria!" says I to myself. The idea was agonizing; "but

come what will," I continued, "I will never enter into a vow in which my heart does not participate. Heaven would not register it; it would be of no force in the eyes of God or man, and why should I sport with an oath?"

My apprehensions on this account, however, appeared to be wholly without foundation. The noon of the day came, and Lady Russel entered the apartment; she had been absent on a visit, and was just returned. As she contemplated the altered complexion of Sir Philip, and meditated on his danger, her agitation became so violent, that I was about to support her out of the apartment, when Sir Philip motioned us to remain. Her ladyship soon recovered in some degree, and having resumed tolerable composure, approached with me to the bedside. It was evident that Sir Philip had

but a few hours, perhaps a few minutes, to live. He breathed with uncommon difficulty—his eyes appeared to be fixed —a deathly paleness had seized on his complexion—and his extremities were rapidly growing cold. I took hold of one hand, and Lady Russel of the other; he made several efforts to speak intelligibly, but the exertion was altogether ineffectual: the powers of life seemed to be seized with a sudden numbness. He looked very wistfully on me for some time, and at length with extreme difficulty, ejaculated—"Henry, you are not my son! those papers—be happy with Maria!"—He pointed to a small cabinet on the table: his hand fell from my nerveless grasp; he smiled faintly upon us both, raised his eyes upwards, and, with a groan, expired.

I was so overpowered by the strange

nature of the communication, and by the suddenness of this awful event, that I stood for an instant bereft of my senses, until the screams of Lady Russel recalled me to myself, in time to catch her in my arms. "Gracious God!" says I to myself, "is it possible that these wonders have occurred within the lapse of a few hours!" I was unable to endure such a complication of strange circumstances; I felt my limbs tremble under me; at that moment some servants, drawn by her ladyship's outcries, rushed into the room, and relieved me of my burden: I sank into a chair.

When I recovered, I was in my own apartment, on my bed, and Crampwell and Bertrand by my side. When I had once more assured myself that I had not been under the influence of a delusion, I sent instantly for the Abbé de

Barsilly, and related to him the catastrophe which had proved so fatal to Sir Philip, and the mysterious circumstance which had been communicated to me. He was almost as much palsied with wonder as I had previously been; but he soon recovered himself from the stupor of surprise; and, after receiving my directions where to find it, he left me to obtain and bring the cabinet.

My mind was now racked by a contrariety of emotions;—grief, in consequence of the melancholy fate of a supposed father, whom with all his faults I dearly loved—astonishment at the mystery which involved my own fate—and a glimmer of joy, peeping like the sun from behind a body of clouds, on account of the release of Maria from her oath. "If I am not the

son of Sir Philip," says I, "to whom can I belong?" The uncertainty which dwelt on the circumstance was uncommonly depressing. At this moment the Abbé de Barsilly re-entered my apartment, having the cabinet in his arms. "This will explain the secret," says I, eagerly snatching the depository from his grasp.

There was no great difficulty in forcing the lock: a number of papers were folded; amongst them was a packet carefully sealed. "This is what we seek for," says I, breaking the seals: the Abbé drew near to listen: it was merely the will of Sir Philip. "Pshaw!" says I, re-folding it, without perusing a tittle of its contents. The other documents afforded no illustration of the subject which so powerfully agitated my mind.—"Good God!" says I, hiding my

face within my hands, to conceal my emotions, "must the secret of my birth remain for ever closed in darkness?"—"Lady Russel must know something of it," says the Abbé. The idea was welcome to me, as water to a feverish throat. I hastily arose from my seat, to make the interesting inquiry: my coat caught the lock of the cabinet, and threw it on the floor; a secret drawer instantly flew open, and another packet, of smaller compass than the first, fell at my feet. A beam of extasy shot across my soul.

The documents contained a narrative, and a genealogical chart. I threw aside the letter; and breaking open the narrative, read as follows:

"My dear Henry, when this falls into your hands, I shall be no more, and

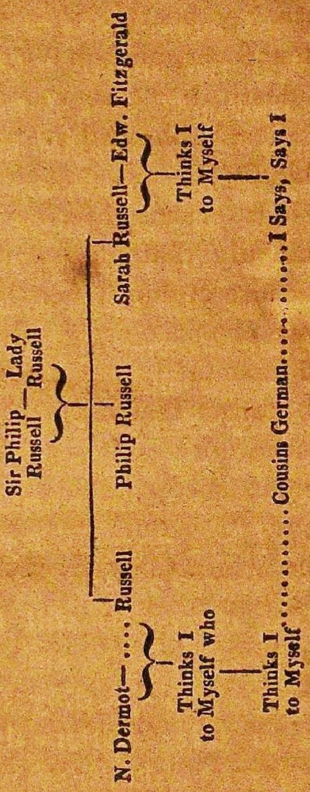
the obligation will be dissolved which has through life restrained me from communicating to you the secret of your birth. You are not my son. I had a sister, named Sarah; she was young and beautiful when she became acquainted with James Fitzgerald, who was the younger son of a respectable family, and bore a commission in the guards. They cherished a mutual passion, but reasons of a prudential nature prevented them from revealing it. He was ordered on foreign service; but prior to his departure, he prevailed on Sarah to consent to a private marriage, and, three days afterwards, it took place in my presence, to whom alone my sister had imparted her intentions. In a few days, Fitzgerald sailed, leaving Sarah in a situation which, before the lapse of many months, promised to betray her secret. We concerted measures for concealment, how-

ever, and as my marriage took place within a short time after Sarah's, I prevailed upon her to pay us a long visit, in order the more effectually to deceive those who would have been pained by the discovery. Here it was that you were born prematurely, in consequence of the receipt of the melancholy information of your father's death, which produced such a violent effect upon your mother, as to bring on an immature labour. The stroke was fatal; she found that her end was approaching; and, as she wished that the secret of her marriage might not be revealed, she called Lady Russel and myself to her bed-side, and extorted from us both a solemn promise to consider and educate you as our own, and never to entrust you with the secret, until her name was forgotten. Inclosed in this narrative, is the certificate of your mother's marriage,

and of your baptism; so that your mind may rest perfectly at ease as to the truth of this statement in every particular. I have fulfilled the sacred trust reposed in me by a beloved sister, and, at my death, you will find yourself possessed of that portion of my paternal fortune which would have devolved to your mother, had she lived, as well as of the bulk of my property. I have written this narrative during your absence in France; if, when it falls into your hands, you should still retain your affection for Maria Parker, she is absolved from her vow, and may you be happy in each other! I have never been able to reconcile myself to my obstinate opposition to your wishes in this respect."

Such were the contents of this interesting paper. The Abbé perceived the impression which the perusal had made

upon me, and, considering my grief sacred, he left the room. "O my unfortunate mother!" says I to myself, "hadst thou lived, I might have been the comfort of thy youth, and the staff of thy old age. My hand might have rendered easy the pillow of thy illness, and have extracted the thorn from death. And thou, my father—but thou hast died the death of the illustrious, and every tear of sorrow shed for thee would be a sacrilege on my country." A flood of tears relieved me; and when the Abbé re-entered, I had reasoned myself into a tolerable degree of composure. The genealogical chart was still lying on the floor. I took it up, and, as some of my readers may possibly feel more interested in these matters than I am, I have subjoined a sketch of it for their satisfaction, brought down to this present time.




Lady Russel sincerely loved Sir Philip; and his fate seemed to have struck an

arrow into her heart. She was seized by a violent fever, and on the second day after his death, her case was considered highly critical. She had ever conducted herself kindly to me, but towards the later periods of my life, her affection had been truly that of a mother; and was I, because circumstances had proved that I was not so closely allied to her as I had imagined, was I, on this account, to forget that I owed to her the love and the duty of a son? I watched by her side; she would not suffer any other hand to administer her medicines; she was uneasy in my absence, and my presence seemed to impart happiness to her.

Before the period fixed on for the funeral of Sir Philip, I received a letter from Lady Conolly, in which Maria had also written a few lines. Had I

been differently situated, this letter would have added to my afflictions. It contained a resolution on the part of Maria to abide strictly by her oath, notwithstanding the pangs which, she candidly confessed, the exertion of it would excite in her bosom—"For oh! Henry," says she, "to pretend an indifference towards you, would be acting with a duplicity which belongs not to my character. While life continues, your image will be dear to me; but it is your image alone which I can indulge myself in beholding, unless Sir Philip should at any time be prevailed on to give his consent, a hope which I cannot venture to cherish, after his firm refusal to Lady Conolly. Let us therefore abstain from any farther correspondence, which can only lead to farther unhappiness. Be assured I shall never give my hand to another: my heart is too firmly at-

tached to be rendered convertible; you only can possess it, and its last palpitation shall throb for you."

Lady Conolly's letter confirmed the determination of Maria, and attempted to breathe consolation to my soul. "I know," says she, "my dear friend, that your feelings must be intense, but an oath ought to be held sacred, unless it is dissolved. Live still in hope of future happiness; the time may come when your wishes may be gratified. Be assured of Maria's constancy, and wait patiently until the mysteries of futurity are laid open. When you wish to hear of Maria, write to me. I will inform you of every particular respecting her, and we shall ever be, as now, anxious to hear of you above all other individuals."

I could not refrain from immediately

replying to these letters. I inclosed in the packet the narrative which dissolved the vow of Maria, and entreated of Lady Conolly to come with her immediately to London. "Had I been differently situated," says I, "when your ladyship's letter had arrived; had Sir Philip been still living, and the vow remained unabsolved, you must not have supposed that I should have so philosophically submitted to your decision. My love is not of that cool description, which, by the aid of a little reasoning, may be tempered down into indifference. Without Maria, life would be a burthen; and every man who finds himself groaning under an odious load, will take the first opportunity to extricate himself from it. But, fortunately, the obstacles to my happiness are removed; life is a cup of sweets: I have as yet tasted only the bitters, and with

all the eagerness of a drunkard, I long to drain its pleasure to the bottom."

The letter was dispatched; and, on the morrow, the remains of Sir Philip were deposited in the vault of his ancestors. I entered the apartment of the dead, and felt a sacred veneration, as I stood amidst the mouldering relics of my fathers. But I had entered to discover the coffin of my mother; it was in a remote corner: the inscription was perfect. I felt an unconquerable desire to view its contents, and slowly raising the lid, I beheld the form still perfect; but, as the air rushed into it, it began to moulder. I hastily re-closed it: and bending my knees over the unconscious author of my existence, I poured out a secret prayer that her spirit might hover round, and bless her

son. I know not how long I might have continued in this posture, had not the Abbé entered the vault, and drawn me away.

Lady Russell had not been acquainted with the time of Sir Philip's interment. I had fears that any communication on this subject would shake her frame to dissolution. But when I had fulfilled the last duties to his remains, I returned to watch by the side of my second mother. Her disorder had shown symptoms of a more favourable nature than at any former stage, and the physicians began to entertain stronger hopes that care and perseverance in the course hitherto pursued, might ultimately lead to her recovery. Their opinion was confirmed by the rapid progress which the three following days produced, at the termination of which

she desired that Sir Philip's will might be examined.

The result was satisfactory to all. Lady Russel received two thousand a year for her life, and the house in London: while the beautiful domain of Hendon, with a fortune of four thousand pounds per annum, fell to my lot. This spot possessed attractions for me which were exclusively its own—it was the scene of my juvenile years—it was the spot where I first beheld my Maria. "And," says I to myself, "it shall be the scene of more mature enjoyments—a spot sacred to love and domestic peace." Had Sir Philip given me the house and park only, without another foot of ground, or without a single guinea, I should never have recollected the bequest without shedding tears of gratitude to his memory.

And, methinks, there is something perfectly natural in this partiality for particular spots in the earth. The Hottentot loves his country, and would never forsake it; but the spot where his hut stands, the particular section which gave him existence, and witnessed his growth to manhood; where he exercised himself in youthful sports and gamboled in youthful frolics—this spot possesses a peculiar interest to his feelings, which time can never obliterate; and whatever changes circumstances may have wrought in his situation—however much he may have been driven from clime to clime, and buffeted throughout the world, the sight of this spot will ever excite in his bosom a sweet and indescribable emotion, which calls into action all the liberalities of his nature. This feeling is not peculiar to the child of ignorance and na-

ture; surely its influence will not disgrace the bosom of him who lives in more polished times or countries.

Born to no title, and merely the accidental inheritor of wealth, I began to think now, that even Sir Philip was in error, when he drew such an imaginary line of distinction betwen Maria and myself. We were both orphans—we were both equally poor—I had only the advantage in point of friends.—"Where then," says I to myself, "was the mighty difference, which was to prove such an insurmountable barrier to our happiness?" It was evident that it had no real existence—that it was the offspring of a narrow prejudice, uncountenanced by reason.

Sir Philip had been buried nearly a week, and Lady Russel was so far

recovered as to walk from one apartment to another, when I received a note from Lady Conolly, informing me of her arrival with Maria in Portman-square. I communicated its contents to Lady Russel. "You will bring them hither," says she, taking my hand; "her ladyship will be a companion for me; and your Maria, when you can spare her, will, by her attentions, expedite my recovery." "And if I could not spare her hourly to lessen your sufferings, my dear madam," says I warmly, "I should make but an ungrateful return for your continual kindness to a destitute orphan." The idea that I was an orphan awakened a painful sensation; and I could not sufficiently master my emotion to prevent the tears from trickling down my cheeks. Lady Russel saw my agitation, and drawing me close to her,

pressed me to her bosom with true maternal solicitude, and replied, "You were ours by every tie of friendship, and nature; and, as you grew up, the developement of your good qualities riveted our affections most firmly." The answer was too flattering to be omitted.

When I arrived in Portman-square, I found Maria alone. There was no longer necessity for reserve; our mutual feelings were free to display themselves. I was too happy to say much; she threw herself into my extended arms, "My Maria!" and "My Henry!" was all which passed between us of an audible nature, until Lady Conolly entered the room. Her Ladyship took a hand of each of us, and united them. "Your constancy," says she, "under the late gloomy appearance of things, proves the sincerity of your af-

fection, and gives a fair promise of future happiness." I embraced Maria again; our felicity was as perfect as it was reciprocal.

"You must return with me, my love," says I, pressing Maria to my lips. A slight blush mantled her cheeks. I continued—"Lady Russel wishes you to perform for her the affectionate offices of a daughter; and Lady Conolly too, she would also hope——." Her ladyship did not suffer me to conclude my message. "Run, Maria," says she, "and dress yourself. Mr. Russel (I beg his pardon, Mr. Fitzgerald) will wait a few minutes." A shade of pensiveness swept across my countenance. Maria saw my depression, and, pressing my hand as she passed by me, whispered in my ear, "Banish gloomy reflections on the past, my Henry, and let your thoughts dwell

on the future." It was the voice of the angel of consolation: I pressed her hand to my lips, and thanked her with a smile, as she left the room.

Lady Conolly drew her chair close to mine: "I want to tell you of my plan respecting your Maria," says she. I was instantly as attentive as such an interesting subject required of me to be. "She is very amiable," she continued. "She is indeed," says I. "She only wants fortune to render her your equal," she went on. "Fortune!" says I; "she wants nothing; she is already my equal; I should not adore her with such fervour had she wealth: my affection would then be mixed with a base alloy." "Listen, Mr. Fitzgerald," says her ladyship, "you would not allow me to proceed." I bowed, made an apology, and she proceeded. "I am getting old, and have

no children. I have wealth to spare, and none but Maria to share it with me; and, since I have discovered her value, I have determined to lay aside twenty thousand pounds: not because I imagine this fortune will render her more dear to you, but as it will silence the voice of slander, and take away the ground from which a censorious world might attempt to annoy her happiness. No one can then say of her, that she brought you nothing but her poverty and her ambition." She paused; I gazed on her in silent admiration, for a few minutes, before I could exclaim, "Is it possible there can be two angels in the world?" She smiled at the impassioned ardour of my manner. "It is not on you that I wish to confer an obligation," says she.

It was not very unlike the conduct

of certain corporations, who, when they wish to confer an especial favour on any individual, vote him the freedom of their city or town, and inclose this wonderous present in a finely embossed or enchased gold box, which is of about one hundred times the value of the privilege it contains. So it was with me. Lady Conolly gave me, with her twenty thousand pounds, a present beyond the purchase of gold; a gift to which a monarch's diadem would have been poor, and a sceptre of the world comparatively of no account.

"Your ladyship is magnificent in your liberality," says I after a very brief pause. "I gratify myself more than any one besides," she replied; "and who will attempt to censure me for an act of self-indulgence?" "Your ladyship's method of supporting your conduct is not less noble

than the act itself," I answered; "but," I continued—"were it ten times twenty thousand pounds which you would confer upon her, and were I ten times poorer than I now am, Maria should not be deprived of one sixpence of the gift; it is her's, and her's shall it remain. I disclaim every thing like a right to the smallest tittle of it. I will marry her, because I love her above all earthly objects: and I should despise myself, were I capable of appreciating her more highly because she is more affluent."

Her ladyship made no verbal reply; and, in a few minutes, Maria re-entered the room, and Lady Conolly left us together while she ordered her carriage. I imparted to Maria the conversation which had passed between her ladyship and myself; but as the scene and the

dialogue which ensued could only be interesting to us, who were more immediately concerned; and as love transactions are very often termed nonsensical, although those who call them so consider not that they are committing an offence against nature, I shall suppress all which passed on the present occasion; and if there are any who are vexed at the omission, I must recommend it to them, to let their imaginations supply the defect.

Lady Russel received her new guests with the warmest friendship; and, as I led my Maria to her, and implored her blessing on us, she wept tears of real delight, as she clasped us alternately to her bosom, and bade us be happy together. My feelings were in a tumult of delight: I endeavoured to speak my thanks, but after several efforts I was

compelled to desist. The blush on Maria's cheeks was the carmine of pleasure; and, as we dropped on our knees before Lady Russel, the spirits of our departed parents might have descended from their celestial abodes, and have felt even their ethereal joys increased by the contemplation of their children's happiness.

And if there be one moment of bliss in human life, which is superior to all others, it must be that in which two beings, whose affection for each other equals that of mine for my Maria, and of my Maria's for me, are allowed to behold their sanguine hopes realized, and to blend their future prospects together. When I threw my arms around her, there was no oath now to interpose its hideousness betwixt my happiness and me; and, when my Maria returned my

embrace, there were no fears, no doubts, to check the tender expression of love.

From this moment, at the particular desire of Lady Russel, her new friends took up their residence with us. The affectionate attentions of Maria were inexpressibly soothing to Lady Russel, who rapidly regained her strength, and was soon able to take short rides in her carriage. The impression of sorrow, caused by the sudden death of Sir Philip, gradually became less evident; as Time, the great physician, applied with careful hand his remedies, and almost imperceptibly extracted the thorn which had pierced and rankled in her peace.

The Abbé de Barsilly was a constant friend and visitor; as his character became more known, his acquaintance was

more desirable; his virtues were not of the obtrusive nature: they did not burst upon the sight at once, and leave the observer nothing farther to discover; but they progressively developed themselves, as particular circumstances called for their exercise—they were not of the ostentatious order, but shunned, rather than courted, notice; yet never avoided the opportunity to render service to mankind. The interesting Juliet gradually declined; she had long since resigned her hopes and wishes of a wordly nature, and was continually looking forward to a scence of future good! Yet there was nothing of melancholy in her conversation; although her form evidently weakened under the attacks of her disorder, her mind retained its strength, and a degree of cheerfulness chastened with a pensive tinge, which rendered her more interesting

without causing her to appear gloomy or sorrowful. Frequently would I attempt to speak to her in the language of hope; but, although she seemed to be susceptible of my motives, she only listened, that she might the more effectually destroy the expectations I entertained. "My dear friend," says she, one day, after I had attempted to raise her hopes of a life of happiness, "you know little of my feelings when you reason on such a fallacious foundation. I have done with hopes and wishes which belong to earth; I have nothing left to attach me here." I mentioned her father; a tear, for the first time, stood in her eye. "He will soon follow me," said she, after a short pause, as if to let the struggles of nature subside. I had touched, however, upon a tender chord; it vibrated to her heart; she was unable to conceal her emotions; the foun-

tains of sorrow were opened; and pressing my hand convulsively, she falteringly left the apartment. I saw her no more. A few days afterwards I received a message from the Abbé, requesting my presence. I went to him: he was overwhelmed with sorrow; his Juliet had just breathed out her soul in his arms. The intelligence was unexpected to me; my grief was scarcely less violent than his; but, when the first gust of grief was over, I attempted to speak comfort to him. I pointed him to Heaven, who had only recalled the object of its care from a sphere in which her virtues had never been rightly appreciated. Her heard me with patience, but his sorrow was too deeply rooted for me to eradicate. The direction of the funeral was committed to me: the body was placed in our family vault.—"When circumstances will permit," said I, "she

shall be removed to the church-yard of St. Benedict." The Abbé squeezed my hand, and the tears which rushed into his eyes spoke his gratitude more plainly than words.

The Count de N—— had, since his arrival in England, made very considerable progress in the ctiaffeons of Emily Dutton. He was now regarded as her professed lover, and his happiness appeared to be rapidly approaching to its climax. I had frequently wished that the double nuptials should be celebrated on the same day; and, when I ventured to express my sentiments to Lady Conolly, who was deservedly so great a favourite with us all, she immediately undertook to convey my wishes to Mr. Dutton, and to arrange the business to my satisfaction.

While things were in this state, an excursion to Hastings was projected; the party consisted only of Ladies Russel and Conolly, the Abbé, Maria, and myself. The depression under which the unfortunate Barsilly had laboured ever since the loss of his daughter, had defied every attempt to remove it; and, as he was most highly esteemed by all, his restoration was a powerful inducement for undertaking this journey. He was sensible of the anxiety which every one felt in his recovery, and he was grateful, constantly endeavouring to force a smile, when his heart was evidently writhing with excessive anguish. My Maria had perceived my attachment to the venerable priest, and this might probably have urged her to redouble her attentions to him: she was as a daughter to him; and her kindness would frequently recall him from his

sorrows when every other effort had ineffectually been made.

According to Lady Conolly's arrangement, the family of the Duttons, and the Count de N——, were to follow us to the coast, and the solemnization of the nuptials was to take place in this romantic and retired spot. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I should feel certain emotions of a pleasurable nature on approaching the town. "It is here," says I to myself, "that I am to be put in possession of the most valuable gem which the world can yield; it is here that my doubts and fears are to receive their final extinction; it is here that my hopes are to be fully realized! it is here that my every earthly wish will find its complete consummation!" As we entered the place, I could not conceal my feelings, but,

pressing the hand of Maria between my own, I could not avoid whispering in her ear, that this was the scene which was to mark the perfection of our happiness." A slight blush was the only reply she made.

In the course of a few days the Duttons arrived, and a day in the following week was fixed on to put the Count and myself in the possession of our respective brides. From this moment all was bustle and preparation. Lady Conolly still presided in the arrangements: every heart seemed joyful, except that of our unhappy friend the Abbé, and he even smiled in concert with the rest, although, at the same time, the point of the arrow which festered in his bosom was perceptible. "You shall give me my bride, my dear Abbé," says I to him. I wished to turn his thoughts from the gloomy

channel into which they had evidently fallen. He replied, after a faint pause, —"Would to Heaven I could have seen my Juliet as happy as your Maria will be!"—"She is happier!" said I, with particular emphasis. The idea seemed to rouze him from his apathy. He smiled through his tears, and cast a look of pious resignation to Heaven. It evidently relieved him; and he grew more composed.

I drew the Abbé to the beach: there was a vessel entering the harbour: in a few minutes a boat put off, and approached the spot where we stood. We involuntarily paused. "Some unfortunate refugees, perchance," says the Abbé, sighing as he spoke, "driven by the persecutions of their own countrymen, to seek an asylum in this happy land." I made no answer; the boat was close

in shore: and I was attentively observing a middle-aged man, of gentlemanly appearance, who was seated in the stern. There appeared to be a mixture of anxiety, sadness, and pleasure, in his countenance, but the faint beams which bespoke joy were so obscured and clouded, that they were scarcely discernible. When the boat grounded, the stranger advanced to the bow, and attempted to step on shore; I saw that he required assistance, and, stretching out my hand, I offered it to him.—"Thank you, young gentleman," says he, accepting my offer. "It is long, very long, since I trod my native shores before," he continued, with a sigh,—"six and-twenty-years; and Heaven knows what melancholy greetings may assail me!"

I felt a strong respect for the stranger;

his manner, his voice, his countenance interested me; it was not often that I felt this prepossession. I recollect but two or three instances of it in my life: when I saw my Maria, when I met with the Abbé de Barsilly, and when I was introduced to Lady Conolly. This feeling was most powerfully excited on the present occasion. I could not account for it; I would have invited him to dine with us, but I knew not how to excuse such an act of officiousness towards a stranger. While I was still hesitating, the Abbé, who had been conversing with the stranger, called me by my name. "Fitzgerald!" cried the stranger, starting, and, fixing his eyes eagerly upon me: he immediately continued, "Alas! it is not possible! the youngest of my family must be much older." I was still more struck by his singularity of manner: it decided me. "I will invite him to dine with us," says I to

myself; "it will be an act of hospitality; and my friends will give him a welcome." My invitation was accepted; the Abbé stepped back to give directions respecting the trunks which were being landed, and the stranger and myself proceeded along the beach.

"Did your family reside in London, sir?" says I, for I felt an irresistible curiosity to learn something more of him. He paused a moment; the tears started into his eyes.—"Yet, why this emotion?" says he; "perhaps she yet lives." I began to fear that I had been too inquisitive, and that he was hurt by my curiosity; but this apprehension was soon removed by his replying,—"I had a wife, sir, in London, young, amiable, and affectionate. Could I but hope to find her alive, and still constant to me, my past sorrows will appear as nothing." I found my interest towards him increase

prodigiously. "Alas!" he resumed, "we had been united scarcely a week, when fate decreed our separation." I could scarcely breathe, my agitation was so excessive.—"And your name?" says I eagerly.—"It is an unfortunate one," he replied,—"Fitzgerald."—"Great God!" says I to myself, "is it possible that——." I checked the improbable suggestion. Could there be no other Fitzgerald? Reason replied in the affirmative; and I felt the keenness of my disappointment.

The stranger had witnessed in my countenance the strength of my emotions: he suspected that I knew more of his family than I had ventured to express.—"Speak, sir," says he; "tell me, do you know any thing of her? For mercy's sake tell me if she lives!" I assured him of my inability to answer

the question. His countenance immediately fell. "To be sure," I continued, assuming as much indifference as I could, "I have heard of a Fitzgerald, who was ordered on foreign service about the time you mention; but, alas! he was killed soon afterwards in an engagement with the enemy." The sigh which escaped from me was responded by my new friend. At that moment the Abbé came up, and the subject was dropped.

Lady Conolly and Maria only were at home when we arrived. They received my guest with an ardour which delighted me. He, however, appeared to be frequently lost in thought, as if some weighty subject occupied his mind. I had a miniature picture of my mother, which Lady Russel had given to me, and I had constantly worn it in my bosom. Being heated with my walk, I had thrown open my waistcoat, and the

picture dangled in view. The stranger was sitting near me; the splendour of the ornaments attached to it, attracted his notice. "It is beautifully set," said he. I put it into his hand, as I returned,—"It has the resemblance of one whose memory must ever be sacred to me." He took it, and fixed his eyes on it: but the miniature instantly fell from his grasp.—"Gracious God! what do I see!" ejaculated the agitated stranger, staggering across the apartment: the Abbé ran to his assistance. I was stupified with amazement; but, as I gradually returned to reason, the whole truth burst upon me. I sprang towards the hitherto unknown, and throwing myself on my knees before him, as he slowly recovered, exclaimed,—"Oh! my loved, my long-lost father, bless your son!" I could no more; excess of emotion overpowered me, and I fell on the floor.

When I recovered the use of my faculties, I was supported in the arms of my father, and Maria was engaged in restoring me. He pressed me to his bosom with truly paternal fondness, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks. He wished evidently to ask respecting my mother, but his courage failed him; his voice was overpowered by the mingled sensations of his bosom; and he could only take the miniature in his hand, and cast an inquiring eye upon my countenance. I understood his glance; and replied by elevating my eyes to Heaven. The expression, however, was imperfect; and I ejaculated in a mournful voice, scarcely intelligible,—" She reposes on the bosom of her God."

My father concealed his face with his hands; his emotions were rather deep

than violent. After a few minutes pause, he resumed his composure, and casting a look of mingled gratitude and resignation to Heaven, he exclaimed,—"I thank thee, O God! that thou hast left me my son." He grew more calm after this ejaculation, and desired me to relate all that I knew of my mother's unhappy fate, together with the events connected with my past life. Maria withdrew with Lady Conolly, and, being left alone with my father, I entered into the detail of my history, not omitting the slightest transaction. He smiled at the ardour with which I spoke of Maria, and, when I concluded by asking his consent to my wishes, he replied,—"My dear Henry, she is the object of your choice, may you be happy as a father's heart can wish!" It was now for the first time, that my bosom felt the influence of filial emotions.

" O holy Nature," says I to myself,—" thou hast implanted in the heart a never-failing criterion by which the genuineness of human feelings is tried." The warmest sentiments of affection which I had felt for Sir Philip were cold compared with the sensations which now triumphed within me; and it was not until I had found him, that I was at all capable of estimating correctly the value of the loss I had sustained in being so long deprived of a father. Nature doth betray herself by so many little kindnesses and sympathies, to which thousands who are isolated from kindred are callous, that he who attempts to commit a fraud upon her, seldom fails to prove his own accuser. There is something in the eye of a fond parent, which he who is not a parent would vainly strive to imitate,—there is something in the tone and manner of a parent, which

nature has denied to all others. There is also a sensation peculiar to the filial bosom which the orphan knows not; for the reciprocation of the duties and tendernesses of nature is an intercourse which none but the children of nature can enjoy. Had I not found a father, I should have remained ignorant of the value of filial feeling, until my thread of life had snapped asunder.

I was naturally anxious to learn something of the events which had occurred to my father; but he waved entering on this detail, until our friends were all present. Before the close of the day, however, a favourable opportunity offered itself, and my father commenced his promised narrative.

"When I embarked for America, I felt that I was leaving behind me all which rendered life desirable. A secret and

terrible prescience, a prophetic horror, rushed upon my mind. I was convinced that our separation was eternal. How did I survive this mental disorder! Gracious Heaven! why was I spared to see the prophecy fulfilled! Yet I am ungrateful to repine. I have found a tie of which I was ignorant; there is yet a flower left in the devastated garden of existence! A prosperous voyage conveyed us in safety to our place of destination. It was apprehended that the Americans would adopt hostile measures against the mother country; and we were ordered to the neighbourhood of Lexington, where the spirit of revolt had assumed the most decisive form. The apprehensions which had caused this movement were fully realized, and the first action between the king's troops and the colonial forces was fought at this place. Early in the contest, I

received a wound, and fell into the hands of the Americans; and when the battle was terminated, I was sent, with a few others, under an escort to NewYork. The oppressive treatment which these spirited people had endured, had excited in their bosoms a rooted enmity to my countrymen; for, alas! they paused not to discriminate between the principals and the agents of the government; on the latter they retaliated the insults and injuries which had emanated from the former. I had sworn fidelity to my king, and my sense of honour would not allow me to hold back from fighting the battles of my country; but I was, in secret, a decided enemy to the system which had caused the rupture with America. It was a long march from Lexington to New York; and we were ill provided for the journey. Over a rough and parched surface we walked

barefooted, our feet bleeding and blistered at every step we took; the enraged people, so far from assisting us, appeared to derive pleasure from the contemplation of our miseries, and suffered no opportunity of increasing their magnitude to pass by unimproved. When we reached the end of our march, we were half dead with fatigue and bodily disease. I had suffered so much pain from the reflection that I should never more behold my adored Sarah, that I was more fit for death than life; and for upwards of ten months I was unable to enjoy the little privileges which were allowed me. At the end of this period, however, I recovered from my illness, but a deep and indelible melancholy had taken possession of me; and, although I was allowed to go abroad on parole, the sight of happiness in others only served to add a deeper shade to

my misery. Here I remained, until the progress of the British troops rendered it expedient that we should be removed to a place of more security; and we were consigned to the care of one of the native chiefs, favourable to the American cause, who marched us into the remote districts of the country, where our situation became more desperate than it had previously been. In the forming and fashioning of weapons of hostility we were incessantly employed, continually subject to the goading insults which savage ferocity chose to offer us, without the means of deriving any information respecting our European connections, without a single hope of ultimate escape or liberation.

"Years passed away, and our sorrows were not likely to obtain any alleviation: we had looked forward with a

hope that a definitive treaty of peace would bring us the relief we wished: but when that event took place, we had to learn that we were no longer considered as prisoners of war, but that from the moment we had fallen into the hands of our new masters, we were, in name and in fact, nothing more than slaves. This piece of intelligence, afflictive as it was, produced not that violence of emotion which might have been expected to result from it: time had destroyed that fine susceptibility of feeling in our bosoms which shrinks from the slightest touch of affliction; continual attacks had rendered it callous. Like the beast to his burden, we daily returned to the toil allotted us; and like the beasts, nightly returned to our wretched shed. We at length became so familiar with wretchedness, that we could sport with our fetters, and crack jests

upon the scourge which was held over us. Good God! to what a degraded state will not continual adversity reduce majestic man! I had given up all hopes of ever seeing the country which contained my Sarah; and if I could behold it, I have often thought, it is unlikely that she who loved me so truly should so long have survived the idea that I was for ever lost! This reflection almost robbed me of a wish to return to England! A plan for our escape, however, had long been in agitation amongst my companions in misfortune, and it was submitted to me. It was then I found that seventeen years of slavery had not destroyed the wish for freedom in my breast; it had only lain dormant until it was rouzed into action; and now it awoke in all its native energy. The plan was eagerly embraced; and, every thing being

arranged, one evening, on our retirement to our shed, we emancipated ourselves from our fetters, and bent our way to the southward. We were eight in number, and we had provided ourselves with fire-arms, swords, and spears. Through the whole of the night we continued our march; the mountains offered no impediment to our way; the roughness of the road was unfelt, the dreary length of our journey appalled us not, for we were in pursuit of our liberty. Whether the natives considered us of too little value to be pursued; or whether they took a wrong direction; they disturbed us not in our retreat; and, after traversing the almost unknown wastes and forests of Guiana, Paraguay, and Amazonia, we reached the fertile country bordering on the Rio de la Plata. Being at this time on terms of amity with

the British Government, the Spaniards allowed us to remain among them, until by our industry and application we had gained a little property, when I availed myself of the first opportunity to embark for my native country."

My father concluded his narrative. The interest which every one had displayed during its recital was a balm to his wounded heart. Maria had wept at his sorrows, and the liveliness of her emotions had riveted his affection to her.—" My children," says he, taking a hand of each, and uniting them, " may your union prove more productive of happiness than mine did with my angelic Sarah! I would live to behold your felicity: and, when I have contemplated that for a short time, I shall wish to be re-united in another

sphere to her who was my Heaven in this." The tears rushed down his cheeks as he finished this ejaculation; and, leaning on my arm, he retired to his apartment: his grief was too sacred even for the eye of those who were beloved by him to witness.

The holy workings of nature in my bosom were incessant and powerful. They had never been impaired by previous action; but, in their state of inactivity, had acquired such strength, that, now they were called into play, they had rioted in my breast with an intemperance which threatened to suffocate me. "O my father," says I to myself, as I returned from his apartment, "I would have willingly shared thy captivity: could I have lessened thy sufferings, I would have relinquished the smiles and the wealth of Sir Philip,

to have purchased thy happiness."—"Aye," I continued, making a full stop on the stairs, "I would have relinquished every thing." At that moment the image of Maria rose to "my mind's eye," as if to reproach me for setting so little value on her; I felt my weakness on this point; and immediately moderated the expression—"I would have relinquished every thing but Maria!" says I. Nature and love were both satisfied: I felt that I had done injustice to neither; my feelings were greatly relieved by my secret ejaculation: a suffusion of tears succeeded; the discharge was salutary, and I returned to my friends with a heart less fluttered by its palpitation than it had been since I left them.

The morning at length arrived which was to behold the completion of my

earthly happiness. My father gave me my Maria, and Mr. Dutton gave Emily to the Count de N——. There was no indecent exultation on the countenances of the happy groupe assembled on this occasion. The felicity was too mighty to be pictured on the face; it was fixed in the heart. It was that temperate delight which is pure in its source and durable in its nature: and the only expression of it which escaped me, was a convulsive throb which burst from my heart, as I clasped my lovely bride to that bosom which was henceforth to be her pillow. "O Merciful Disposer of Events!" said I, bending my knees when I returned to my apartment, after the ceremony was performed, "thou hast given us, with the capability of enjoying it, the means of promoting the happiness of each other; and when misery overtakes us, how much more frequently ought it to be attributed to the collision

of human frailties, and the indisposition to second each other's enjoyments, which exists in the bosoms of men, than to any severe interference of thy Providence, or to any wish of thine that thy creatures should suffer."

And the more I think of this sentiment, the more am I convinced that its latitude greatly exceeds what may be conceded to it at a first glance. It not only bears reference to the actions and comforts of individuals, but to national interests and the general welfare; for, were this principle universally allowed and acted upon, the discords and atrocities which divide nations, and disgrace a people, would cease to have an existence amongst us; the sword would rust in its scabbard; the thunder of artillery would be forgotten; the trumpet's brazen sound would no longer

be the signal of desolation; but the chain of everlasting friendship would extend from the frigid to the torrid zones; and the treaties of councils for the preservation of rights would only be found in the history of those times which were remote from virtue and inimical to justice.

I had coloured the picture to the highest tint of which it was capable: I had wound up my mind to the extremity of enthusiastic. "Good God!" says I to myself, "why was not man endued with sufficient reason to see this; and sufficient uprightness of judgement and strength of resolution to bring about such a desirable epoch in the annals of the world!" My mind was so full of philanthropy at that moment, that, had I been director of the British councils, all the blood which has

since deluged the shores of the European continent, in consequence of the revolutionary war, would certainly have been spared.—I should have been inclined to acknowledge the French republic, and to have acknowledged every other empire in the world a republic, rather than that the life of a single human being should have been wasted. In contesting the point, I don't pretend to decide on the prudence or policy of such a line of conduct.

After our marriage, the Abbé de Barsilly lived about four years; the taper of existence wore gradually away: his latter days were consistent with the tenor of his former life; calm, dignified, instructive. Full of virtuous resignation to the will of Heaven, he looked forward to join his family in a world where reward is proportioned to good-

ness, and where republics and revolutions can create no misery. "My dear friend," says he, affectionately pressing my hand, a few days before his death, "lay me by the side of my Juliet; and if ever peace should unite these two warring nations———." He paused; I understood the nature of his request. "One yew shall drop its dews on all," I replied, returning his pressure. Joy lighted up his eyes; he thanked me in a voice scarcely articulate; and before many days had elapsed after this conversation, his remains were deposited in the vault of the Russells, by the side of his Juliet.

The rest of our family circle are still living. My Maria and myself have been united upwards of seventeen years, and our happiness exceeds what it was at the commencement of our union. Four

children have blessed our marriage; the girls possess the beauty and the amiable qualities of their mother; and frequently, as I mark the rapid progress of my boys, *I says, says I*, "There is little fear that the simplicity of the father will be perpetuated in the sons!"

One circumstance had escaped me. My father, on enquiring after his family, found that his father and mother were dead, and, as he was the only child, their property had descended to a remote part of the family. "If he is deserving," says my father, "God forbid that I should disturb him in his enjoyments." The young man was deserving, and my father molested him not. He was satisfied with a neat cottage on the domain of Hendon, where he could enjoy the society of those he loved; and I was already richer than I needed,

with a prospect of having my fortune trebled whenever it shall please the Disposer of Life to call to himself the Ladies Russell and Conolly.

But whenever this idea crosses my mind, with an ardour the most sincere, *I says, says I,* (and my Maria most fervently joins in the sentiment,) "May they live as long as life can produce happiness to them! and, as their progress through life has been that of virtue, may its termination be full of peace and hope!"

THE END.

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